GALMAHRA

.. The Magazine of the ..
University of Queensland

Scientiæ ac Labore

OCTOBER, 1928

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UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

OCTOBER, 1928

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GALMAHRA.

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

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The University and the Press

It is not surprising that the University should be affected by a lack of industry in third term, at least not when the lack of industry is among the undergraduates themselves. Many are profoundly affected. But it is strange that an industrial trouble so remote from what is generally regarded as the ordinary province of the University, as is the strike of the Waterside Workers' Union, should have even the slightest effect on the University. Nevertheless we have not been utterly dissevered from the upheaval.

When the call for free labour was made by the shipping companies for the purpose of unloading the vessels in port, several individuals who are also students of the University, answered the call and readily received employment. The fact that they were University students, by some chance, leaked out, and as was almost inevitable, soaked into the columns of the party press. Both sections of the press, that supporting the Federal Government, and that which lent support to the waterside workers, endeavoured to make capital out of the fact that University students were working on the wharves. The former section warmly applauded their action, and remarked on the excellence of Universities as strike breakers; the latter resented it, and stigmatised the University as a class institution.

As to which was right it is not our business to decide, nor shall we attempt an opinion. What we wish to do is to define our position as undergraduates. Earlier in this article we used the phrase, "individuals who are also students of the University." We did so with a purpose. A man attending a University is, except for the limiting rules relating to the University and his course, an utterly free agent, and as such is fully entitled to his own opinions on external matters, and his guidance in such is a matter for himself and for those principles which it is his belief are correct. If the fact that he was a University student was divulged by the individual himself, then that was a supreme piece of foolishness, even morally wrong in that it placed in a false position so many individuals who are also students. Those who went to work on the wharves did so solely as private individuals, and because they personally believed that they were following the right course, the fact that they were University students was merely incidental. To assume that all members of the same educational establishment are all of the same political persuasion is an insulting misconception of the fundamentals of higher education. There are at the University, men quite as likely to be thoroughly in sympathy with the strikers, as there are men ready to assist in the breaking of the strike. We trust that we have clearly defined our position. And we resent the rank injustice of the implication that as undergraduates we are subjected to the tyranny of any species of party discipline.

Shaw, Wells, and the 'Varsity

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, and quite a number of contemporary writers look askance on University education. Their remarks might command more attention, and carry more weight, if it were not so obvious that they are trying to be smart all the time. Smartness is never so convincing as sincerity. Mr. Shaw himself is not a University man, Mr. Wells is a bachelor of science with first class honours from the University of London. H. L. Mencken, the editor of the American "Mercury," also has much to say on the subject of education.

Shaw says that a teacher is a man who "teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it," and "he who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." Wells says, "dons were not as a class distinguished men, they were only men who had conferred distinctions upon one another." Mencken in his cocksure way states that "among the teachers male we may safely assume that 95 per cent. are of low mentality." Wells looks forward to the time when a university will offer no general education at all, no graduation in arts or science or wisdom. He has made the astounding discovery that there is no presumption that a man who has the diploma of M.A. is even a moderately educated man.

The system of conferring degrees is simply a rough-and-ready way of showing that a man has done such-and-such a course with such-and-such success. The chances are, that all things else being equal, a teacher with a degree will be more competent than a teacher without a degree. All that a university sets out to do is to give a man as basis of fact on which to build future work. Our clever writers who are so busily manufacturing sugar-coated pills of education, overlook the fact that there is much in all learning that is tedious and seemingly useless. A degree does not show that a man is educated, it simply shows that he has a sufficient background of fact to go ahead with the work of educating himself. A university degree is not the end, it is only the beginning.

"He who can does. He who cannot, teaches" is about as true as "he who can cooks. He who cannot eats." It does not follow that a man is not a judge of cooking, because he is not a cook, nor that a man who is not a brewer is not a judge of beer. Let us take these men on their pet ground of literature. Wells with the soul of a bishop, lifts his hands in pious horror because the teacher on whom he held a mental post-mortem, had either forgotten or never heard of Samuel Butler, William James, Maurice Baring, Philip Guedella, Cunninghame Graham, James Joyce, James Branch Cabell, Christopher Morley, Sherwood Anderson, Mencken, Tchehov, Julian Huxley, Fairfield Osborne, Sir Arthur Evans, and Jung. Wells forgets that he is dealing with a busy schoolmaster who is also, in this case, the head of a boarding school, and not the editor of an encyclopaedia of American and British contemporary literature. Wells displays his ignorance of literature two pages after the above list, by writing that among other books on this teacher's shelves, were "Something called Rab and his Friends, and a book called Friends in Council." Now by the merest accident I happen to have read "Friends in Council," and it is a prosy work, but I would sooner have written "Rab and his Friends" than the "World of William Clissold." And if Mr. Wells happened to have to teach English in Queensland he would know that two of the writers in his list were set authors for the Senior.

But when we turn to what these clever men
Have said about our poets and novelists,
When they themselves embark upon the sea
Of criticism. They do not fare a whit
The better, than the profs. in whom they stick
The arrows of their bright and poisoned wit.

The above paragraph is written to illustrate that there is something in Shaw's statement that Shakespeare wrote his plays in blank verse, because he did not have time to write them in prose. I have also thrown in these rhyming lines just to give good measure. How much there is in Shaw's statement may be seen with a microscope, if the above paragraph, or a piece out of Cashel Byron's Profession, be compared with Shakespeare's blank verse.

Mencken says that the one great requisite in a lecturer is enthusiasm, which is as contagious as barber's itch. An enthu-

siastic lecturer enjoys lecturing, but it does not follow that his listeners are going to catch this "barber's itch." Has Mr. Mencken never been button-holed by a gardening crank, a wireless crank, a phonetic crank, or a motor crank?

I have listened to a lecturer lecture in phonetics. He has been so enthusiastic that his eyes twinkled behind his spectacles, one could see his heart with pleasure fill and frolic with the daffodils; but we did not catch the barber's itch. What will call the best out of a teacher or a professor is not enthusiasm so much as an enthusiastic pupil.

Wells blames the universities for turning out "pleasant, easy-going, evasive young men, up to nothing in particular and schooled out of faith, passion or ambition." Our young men may be pleasant, 'tis a good fault, and evasive, especially when dealing with their elders, but it is untrue to say that they are schooled out of faith, passion, or ambition. Mr. Wells would be surprised if he knew how keenly many of the young men were interested in religion. How does he explain the sale of his own books dealing with religion? Does he know that Papini's "Story of Christ" ran into six editions in the first four months of 1923; has he ever heard of Middleton Murry's "Life of Jesus"?; does he know that George Brandes' book on Christ was reprinted this year? And would he have us believe that all these books were read by baldheads, and not by young men as well? As a matter of fact Wells' sentence tells me two things: that there was a war ten years ago, from which we have not yet recovered, and that Mr. Wells is growing old. To shake one's head sagely and sorrowfully over the heads of the rising generation is the surest symptom that dotage is nigh. I wish I were as sure of salvation, as I am that the university of scientific prigs that Mr. Wells sees, when he peers into the Utopia of the future, will produce something much worse than the present system.

Not that I think the present system is faultless by any means. I hold that the system that awarded George Saintsbury and Matthew Arnold seconds, is far from being perfect. But we may find consolation in the fact that it also gave a lot of firsts to people who probably did not deserve them. The system of scribbling down notes all the time a professor is speaking is bad. It ruins the student's handwriting, it lends itself to cramming, but it has the great advantage of making the student listen carefully to what is said. Most lecturers do not pay enough attention to the style in which they deliver their lectures. I have as keen a scent as any, I think, for a memorable phrase, and the memorable phrases I have heard from lecturers could be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. Students prick their ears when a lecturer refers airily to those who "jazz, garden, or bowl their way to oblivion." But it must not be forgotten that in most of our smaller universities the number of lectures a man has to deliver, often ten in one week, almost precludes polished efforts.

The examination system unfortunately leans heavily in favour of those who have servile brains, the "his master's voice" type of candidate. It does not do justice to the student who has original thought. The usual criticism levelled against the examination system that it only tests the student's receptivity does not mean very much. Most knowledge is memory work. In most subjects the memory plays a far greater part than reason, and it is right memory should be tested.

But I do think that most of the criticism levelled against the staffs of universities should be levelled against the students. Students expect far too much spoon-feeding. They rely far too much on the scribbled knowledge in their black notebooks, those examination life-savers. They get education so easily that they do not appreciate it. There is a lot to be said for the suggestion, that no man should be given a university education, who has not made a living by his own exertions for at least one year.

In conclusion I would like to point out that knowledge owes to these "harmless drudges" (the phrase is Prof. Saintsbury's) a great deal. The mass of knowledge, like a glacier, moves slowly, imperceptibly, thousands of scholars, great and little, have helped and are helping it towards the Sea of Truth. To these unknown scholars, these forgotten parsons, professors, and schoolmasters, the humble infantry of our literature and science, let us pay all respect.

A. K. Thomson.

Experimental Psychology

The visitor to the new laboratory of experimental psychology who expects to witness a display of "psychic phenomena" or the demonstration of occult powers of mind, will be sadly disappointed. He finds, instead, a thoroughly scientific equipment for the investigation of the mental processes of normal persons, and for the detection of any that are deficient or abnormal. Anyone who has seen laboratories of a similar kind in one of the British or American Universities will doubtless remark that the equipment is by no means complete. Nor can this be a matter of surprise since it is less than a year ago that the apparatus arrived from overseas, and the cost of the same practically exhausted the grant of £300 made by the University Senate for the purpose. It is a matter for congratulation that the structural alterations to the room together with the furniture, electrical and other fittings were generously authorised by the Department of Public Instruction, and the necessary work connected therewith done in such good style by the Public Works officers. During the few weeks in which the students have actually been doing practical work in the "lab.", a promising start has been made, and the University may be well satisfied that it possesses a laboratory sufficiently well equipped for the Department of Philosophy to begin, at least, the experimental investigation of those mental states with which it is so vitally concerned.

Three main purposes will be served by this recent addition to our University equipment: (1) Lecture demonstrations, (2) Mental testing, and (3) Research.

With regard to the first point, it is quite obvious that a subject like Psychology can never be adequately mastered by mere "book-work." Lectures need to be illustrated by demonstrations and experiments. And moreover a student will readily learn and remember facts which he discovers for himself in the course of his practical work in the laboratory. A glance at the apparatus available shows that there is a number of physiological models, instruments for biometric measurements, and quite an elaborate outfit for demonstrating colour-vision and other sensory experiences. The processes of memory and association can be explained and illustrated by the use of a tachistoscope, which is an instrument designed to exhibit words, numbers, or objects for specified periods of time. Habit formation and the co-ordination of the sensations and muscular movements involved therein can be watched and timed exactly. Of special interest are the various scientific "gadgets" which supply the data, afforded by the pulse, respiration, and bodily tensions, for determining the intensity of emotional states. In class demonstrations the lecturer manipulates the apparatus, but in the practical work the students themselves carry out the experiments and record their results in note books.

The examination and application of "mental tests" for intelligence and vocational fitness is the second main purpose of experimental physchology. This part of the work is of great importance in view of the problems which modern education and industry are continually raising. Teachers, in training for their professional work, need to know by first hand experience how to use and appraise the various intelligence and vocational tests which have proved of value in other countries. The well-known Binet-Simon tests, the Alpha test of America, and others have been found to need modifications when applied under Australian conditions. In the new laboratory training will be afforded to teachers and other students in the proper use of such tests. One of the most interesting pieces of apparatus is Mosso's Ergograph, which registers the degree of fatigue which follows the exercise of certain muscles. The record is made automatically on the smoked surface of a revolving drum, and reveals the slightest diminution of effort or the involuntary rests that are taken during the test. In testing quickness and accuracy of perceptions Hipp's chronoscope can be used to register changes that may occupy only one thousandth part of a second. The sportsman's stop-watch which registers tenths of a second, seems a very crude instrument beside such a triumph of scien-

tific accuracy. Discrimination of colours, forms, and sounds, ability to judge weights and distances, steadiness in movements of the hand, retentiveness of memory—all these, and many more, are the tests which can be applied to mental efficiency.

The third object of the laboratory is to facilitate research into the nature and resources of the human mind. How little, after all, is known of the inner processes of thought and the subtler shades of emotion. Introspection can tell us much, but its "results" are too often vitiated by the fact that the one observed is at the same time the observer. Moreover, the keenest introspection can never possibly detect the infinitesimal and unconscious reactions which are measured and recorded by the electrically controlled apparatus of the psychological laboratory. The ideal of independent research will be but slowly realised in this and other Australian laboratories, because so much time is necessarily spent in teaching and practical demonstrations. But when demands for trained psychologists are made by the higher branches of education, commerce, and industry in this country, as they are in Britain and America, a great stimulus will be given to post-graduate research.

The Department of Modern Languages will utilise the resources of the laboratory, with the addition of special apparatus of its own, for the teaching of Phonetics, and the kymograph, which records movements, can be adjusted to record sounds as well.

It is evident that the Department of Philosophy will have a busy time keeping abreast of the rapid developments of experimental psychology abroad, and adapting the results obtained in other countries to the special needs of Queensland.

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BREATH OF SPRING.

A softness spreads the earth and sky between,
As sunbeams from a white-flecked vault of blue,
In dancing waves of gold and palest green,
Caress and linger days that are too few,
When Nature, waking, spreads her glorious sheen—
Mozaic, crimson, golden, every hue!

And somewhere in the peaceful north-east wind,
There comes a musical whisper sweet to me,
Of Halcyon days to come. And, lo, I find
That in my heart is something now set free!
An ecstasy of joy, no grief could bind,
Has entered there. And this shall be my plea—

That while I live it ever there shall stay,
E'en though by words I cannot yet give birth
To all the wondrous joy I know, that day
The radiant breath of Spring first greets the earth,
And the sound of many rustling leaves is gay
With songs of birds so sweet and full of of mirth.

Enraptured by the golden charm of Spring
I dream of things unseen; in Fancy's realm
I lose all count of time and the song I sing
Is not of earth where troubles overwhelm;
My ship of dreams sails on, as far I fling
All sadness, with thy hand dear, on the helm!

A. Murray Smith.

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The Schubert Centenary

How many are there who will glance at the heading of this article and turn to the next page?

Yet the subject is a most absorbing one, apart from the fact that Franz Schubert was in his day a much under-rated composer. In the world-wide celebrations of the death of this viola player, pianist of sorts, and composer of over 600 of the world's most beautiful songs, we cannot but look back with amazement at the utter neglect in a musical country of one of the greatest men that the art of music has ever claimed. Unfortunately it is a tale that is often told of great musicians of the past who have left the world something which makes the succeeding generations inexpressibly richer.

In the year 1828 Schubert died at the age of 32, leaving a personal estate valued at £2/10/-, amongst which was a roll of music manuscript valued at 8/6, containing some of his greatest works. In 1928 a special committee in Europe is delighted to have unearthed a distant and impoverished relative of his and made him more comfortable; it has conducted a competition open to the composers of the world for the fitting commemoration of Schubert's death; and all over Europe and America his works, once sold for mere pittances, are being played with enthusiasm as a tribute to his memory.

In these days when musical culture, especially in our "musical Australia," is at a low ebb, there are to be found people by the thousand who positively refuse to be convinced that there is any real pleasure to be derived from the music of the masters. To most of them the music of Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, or Debussy, conjures up as much interest as does the Einstein theory to a wharf labourer.

There may be an excuse for the man who declares that he cannot understand the sonatas of Beethoven, the maze of Wagnerian orchestration, or the elusive charm of Debussy. But there is none for the man who says that the music of Schubert conveys nothing to him. It holds no secrets. There is in it no moody introspection that is found in Beethoven's works, no striving after artificiality and cheap dramatic effect, no inner mysterious meanings to be unravelled. Wherever one turns in his music, be it to his songs, his chamber music, or his symphonies, one finds the same never-ending stream of pure transparent melody that must give immediate pleasure. There is always variety, always originality, and always a bright optimistic outlook. The man who wants his "tune" will find it in glorious abundance and how gloriously clothed.

It is here that Schubert, if his music could only be heard more, would convert half the unmusical people to the best that is in music. And out of a love for this music would grow a love for the things which are at present surrounded by prejudice. Schubert himself was always a poor man living for the beauty that he saw around him. His actions, interpreted by modern materialistic standards would brand him an "artistic fool." And music lovers the world over can thank Heaven that he was.

Schubert's greatest claims to immortality are based on his songs. He completely remoulded this form and gave it greater life and significance. No poem, however slight, which took his fancy at the moment escaped an attempt by him to clothe it in a musical covering. He has set to music the poems of no fewer than 80 writers, amongst whom are found Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Pope, Goethe, Schiller, and Dante, Schopenhauer, and Petrarch. It is amusing in these days to reflect on the monetary rewards he received for his work. For six songs, all gems, he received 10½d. each. The writer of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is to-day almost a millionaire. What progress in a hundred years!

But, however great Schubert may have been in his song writing he will ever be remembered for his chamber music. He was particularly fitted for this type of composition by reason of his early association in his own home with a string quartet. The loveliness of his B flat trio, his "Trout" quintet, and his Octet stands alone. They withstand the effects of prejudice in the unmusical and create a warm glow in the more musically sophisticated.

Passing on to his greater achievements we find that he has written one symphony which is ranked with the great Beethoven's best. That is tribute enough in itself.

But let us not fall into the tiring expedient of merely enumerating what he has done. Enough it is to say that where some of the great masters have failed to bridge the gulf that separates the "great unwashed" from the delights that music holds, he could attain this end if only his music could be heard. If every home knew the music of Schubert there would be less wrangling, fewer sore heads and hearts, and fewer divorces. If every worker knew it there would be fewer strikes. And if the spirit of it all was put into practice the world over, it would be a happier and better place.

A. H. T.

Science and Religion

Science and religion! What a variety of impressions these words create in different people! To some it creates an impression of bitter contest, where each opponent is trying to oust the other, such as "Dempsey versus Tunney." To others science and religion represent things apart, with little connection between them. Still others regard science and religion as being greatly at variance with each other at the present moment, but that in the future they will arrive at the same conclusions, that they will co-operate to ensure man's peace of mind, to show him how he might help to increase the beauty, the harmony, and the happiness of the universe.

The essence of science is free inquiry. Therefore let us, as students of science, attack the problem of religion as we would attack any other problem in nature. We shall find that many of the religious concepts of our forefathers will need to be exploded. But let not that deter us. "Union is strength; and it is one of the prime duties of educated men and women to see that the present duality and antagonism at the heart of what should be the central unity of civilisation—of its fundamental idea, its conception of the universe—should be terminated."

Let us at first attack the problem from a purely rational point of view, leaving out of account the emotional side. Because all of us must admit that for religion to be of value, it must stand the test of pure reasoning. For what is it that marks man off from the lower animals? It is his high mental development. Moreover, biologists are agreed that future evolution in man will be along the lines of higher mental development rather than along lines of physical progress. Hence, for a religion to stand in the future, it must embody man's intellectual formulation of the reality with which he is in contact, as well as his emotional experience of it.

Science cannot whittle away religion as sentimental twaddle, or as some strange fear complex. It must take religion as a definite phenomenon and analyse it as such. Thus one will find that the idea of God is an inevitable product of biological evolution, arising when the human type of mind first came into being, and that this God has a definite biological function. For the structure of man's mind is such that he tends to think in general terms. Man becomes aware of something more than a set of events. He becomes aware of a system of powers operating in events. These powers act on man's mind. There is a power in the sun, a power in the lightning, in the growth of crops. Man frames his own idea of these powers, and once that idea is framed it exerts an effect on the rest of his ideas, his emotions, and his conduct. The idea may be held and organised in various ways. It is when the idea involves the recognition of powers underlying the general operations of the world, and it involves the emotions, that is called religious.

This conception of the underlying power of the universe has evolved from that of a set of magical influences, through the idea of particular divine beings or gods to the present Christian conception, that

of one personal God. One can see how this conception of a personal God arose. Man projected the idea of that active agency he knew best—human personality —into his idea of cosmic powers. But can science justify this projection of personality into man's conception of God. Absolutely not! The march of knowledge shows the universe ever more clearly as self ordering in every minutest detail.

But besides this idea of a personal God there are other things in Christianity that are becoming untenable. The first chapter of Genesis is one. Miracles are another, and must be regarded as delusions or unusual phenomena for which a cause has not yet been found. For the student of science is ever reminded of the immutability of such laws as the conservation of mass and energy. He cannot conceive of God suddenly interfering with the affairs of this world and thus upsetting the whole order of things for a moment, to turn good water into wine, or two little fishes into a meal for five thousand hungry Jews.

No. Science must make serious underminings of the structure of present-day Christianity. What it leaves is the raw material of religion—our conception of the powers of the universe. It remains for the rationalist to remould religion so that it will satisfy our intellectual conceptions as well as our emotions.

Man, regarded as a product of evolution, is as yet but a child. All the instability, the disharmonies of our present civilisation are the results of immature man's experiments. One by one those experiments have failed, but man is continually obtaining more data, and more insight into the problems of life. It remains to be seen what form of religion man will evolve. But there are some points of this new religion which suggest themselves to us.

First of all there can be no petitionary prayer, such as praying for rain or a sick person's return to health. Because, as we have seen, a purely intellectual investigation of the idea of God admits of no such thing as a personal God.

In the new religion the psychologist will play a very important part. When the spiritual side of us becomes disorganised, or its harmony in any way disturbed, we shall not regard it as the workings of a devil, and so elicit the aid of a priest to combat this monster. Physical illness was first regarded as the operations of a devil, and the stricken person went to a priest to have the devil driven out of him, so that he could be restored to health. But the physician has usurped the position of the priest. In a like manner the psychologist will become the physician for our mental disorganisations.

The main feature about the new religion will be its plasticity. Man has attained his position of biological pre-eminence simply by virtue of the plasticity of his mind, which substitutes infinitude of potentiality for the limited range of actuality given by the instinctive reactions of lower animals. The Bible will be regarded as a bible. It shall cease to be regarded as a fixed code of morals, for not only have our morals evolved, but they will continue to evolve. So those who find the Psalms of David helpful to them in their daily life may chant them to their hearts' content. And those who find that their idea of God—their conception of the universe—can be summed up in three score words, may continue to recite their creeds. To those of us who are not so easily satisfied, other channels will be left open. We need not necessarily frequent a place of worship to provide for our psychological sublimation and spiritual refreshment, but we may find them in reading, in hearing good music, seeing works of art and so on. The Christian religion offers a kind of socialism, but it attaches too much importance to equality of men in some future life. Our new religion will see that this state of equality is confined more to this life, where the evils due to inequality of opportunity exist.

When one considers the emotional side of man's life one sees the difficulty of denouncing the Christian conception of a personal God. Life has been evolving for untold millions of years, we believe. But evolutionary progress has always been a kind of blind force, by a process of natural selection, which was often wasteful and slow. But with the advent of man evolutionary progress becomes conscious. Man himself is able to assist the driving powers

of the universe, to make evolutionary processes less wasteful, and to accelerate them. It is because man is able to assist these unknown powers that he seeks some sort of communion with them in order that he may act in harmony with them. But he can do so only by vesting them with something very much akin to personality. For a man cannot commune with a storm or a cat—at least intelligent people cannot. Man must remember that this introduction of personality is only for his convenience. It is not a provable scientific fact.

Thus of the three attitudes towards "science and religion" cited above, the last is the only sane one. Let us all, then, accept our share of the task and see that all that is false and irrational in religion is removed, and that it is rebuilt on a firm foundation of truth and reality, so that it may assist in the evolutionary progress of the world.

N. Smith

—o—

English Aristocrats of Hugh Walpole

It is a product of these days that there seems to be a constant warfare between the different arbitrary divisions of social life. Many people, often not in the slightest degree influenced or interested, debate the questions of aristocracy, and the like, with eloquence and vigour. Therefore it is not to be wondered at, that present-day novelists endeavour to give their ideas and impressions of this problem.

The average Australian is apt to decry the inherent traditions and dignity of breeding that is seen only in the fine old aristocrats of England. We pride ourselves on our freedom of social restrictions; we congratulate ourselves on the standard we adopt, and seek refuge in that rather threadbare cry of all men being equal, and regard with scorn anything that savours of aristocracy. We quote the French Revolution to bolster up our contentions, priding ourselves in that we are free of all dominating influences and ideas as then, and can display our own thoughts and beliefs as something which is wholly individual and original. But yet, though we cloud the issue we cannot escape the fact that there is an immeasurable worth in the best traditions of a true aristocracy.

Then let us look for a moment at a character in Walpole's "Wintersmoon." Wildherne, Lord Poole, one of the young products of that dying class, is speaking —and perhaps we might regard him as the mouth-piece of England's best traditions:—

"After all," he says, "whether it is because we are old-fashioned or stupid or whatever our reasons may be, we both believe in good things—we believe in our fathers who went before us and the England that they made. We believe, in spite of her faults and stupidities, that England is worthy of all love and devotion, and we believe that our class, in spite again of faults and stupidities, can do something for her by keeping what is good in that class and using it."

We might regard these words as an adequate summing-up of the most deeply-rooted principles of English aristocracy. They give the clue to the thoughts now influencing and moulding the lives of "all those quiet decorous people, poor as mice many of them, standing aside altogether from any movements or war-cries of the day living in their quiet little houses, or their empty big ones, clever some of them, charitable all of them, but never asserting their position or estimating it."

One of the tendencies of to-day is to speak somewhat pessimistically of the topsy-turviness of present-day life, and to bewail that London or any other particular town is "running swiftly to the dogs, the Upper Classes drinking cocktails and dancing eternally to the jazziest of music, the Middle Classes hopelessly and aimlessly impoverished, the Lower

Classes rebellious, revolutionary, idle and dole-fed!''

What does Walpole say of these conditions? In a Dedicatory Letter, as an introduction to ''Wintersmoon,'' he explains that in four books—''The Duchess of Wrexe,'' ''The Green Mirror,'' ''The Young Enchanted,'' and ''Wintersmoon'' —he gives his idea of England from 1900 to 1927. In ''The Duchess of Wrexe,'' taking as his mouthpiece ''Little Felix Brun,'' he divides the English ruling classes into three parties—the Autocrats, the Democrats, and the Aristocrats. In ''Wintersmoon'' Felix Brun, after an absence of many years from London, again voices the opinions of Walpole. The Autocrats, with the Duchess of Wrexe as their Queen, had long lost their power and influence, and now were gone for ever; the Democrats had been helped to power by the War, and it was ''they and the members of the old Autocratic party whom disaster and poverty had driven into their ranks, who danced and kicked their way through the illustrated papers . . . . . they were food for the novelist who wanted dazzling pictures with post-impressionist colours and Freudian titles.''

There remained, however, the Aristocrats—the Chichesters, the Medleys, the Duke and Duchess of Romney and their entourage, old Lord Beaminster, Lady Seddon and other titled folk who gathered at Halkin Street and down in Wiltshire at the beautiful, historic mansion of Wintersmoon.

Throughout the book, through the tragedy of the dying pageantry of English aristocracy, side by side with the tragedy of the personal story, stands Wintersmoon —''its grey walls dimly lit with a sheen of colour . . . . the wood's russet seeming to stretch its shadows like a net over walls and lichened roofs.'' I seemed to feel the spell of Wintersmoon even as in ''The Cathedral,'' Walpole's earlier story of provincial life..... But I am digressing.

Returning to these Aristocrats, now the ''quiet, decorous people'' of Little Felix Brun, we find that they have retained, above everything else, their dignity and self-respect, ''qualities that the Democrats had lost long ago!''

Perhaps it will be helpful if we take the views of a younger member of this class—Sir Thomas Seddon. ''We believe,'' he says, ''that our class and its traditions means a lot for England, and if you keep the fine side of it, you'll be making better history for England, than if you let it all go. What we feel is that we can do more for England, and for the world, too, by being ourselves instead of pretending to be parlour Socialists and sham Bolsheviks. . . . .'' Later on he says to his uncle, old Lord John Beaminster, ''. . . . after all,. there is something in having a family, and something in loving the same soil so many years; you get something back—something your ancestors have given you!''

Discerning writers have spoken on many and varied occasions of the remnants of this passing Victorian civilisation, the dying pageant of these prosaic ages, and there seems to be general regret that this should be so. But are they not a little too pessimistic about things? Granted that we are gradually losing something of benefit to us, may we not ask whether or not something is slowly taking its place? All phases of civilisation must eventually pass, and surely we do not imagine that when these fine aristocratic sentiments and ideals gradually become merged in the newer, rising ideals of an advancing civilisation, that we shall have gone downwards and backwards. What is wanted is a more optimistic outlook. The glorious traditions of family and name, the splendid examples of far-off ancestors, and the dignity and nobility which characterize the living members of that aristocratic class cannot disappear entirely. All the best in them—and these are times which call forth the very best in us—will be ultimately joined with the best ideals and sentiments of the young, rising generations to whom we must look in times to come for our leaders in political, commercial, and religious life.

However, it behoves us to make a short resumé of several of the aristocrats which people Hugh Walpole's books with such astonishing clearness and vividness. With reference to these it seems that the elderly male characters are much more appealing than the younger, and indeed, we might mention that there is a tendency nowadays

to find the elder characters very much more human and attractive than their younger relations, and I do not think that it is wholly the fault of the author. Although one admires the dignified strength and reserve of these elder aristocrats, it must be said that the younger members of that class evoke no appreciation of their individual personalities. Even though we have taken him as the mouthpiece of English traditions, Wildherne, Lord Poole, is lacking in that quiet, dignified yet strong, reserve which is so graceful in his father, the Duke of Romney. From Wildherne, one gets an impression of a wooden, unemotional figure in an unreal pageant, and when we close the book the impressions which remain are not gained from his character. But we remember the older members of those who gather at Halkin Street, London, and down in Wiltshire at Wintersmoon. There is Wildherne's father, whose courtesy to others, his gentleness and yet his authority with the men of his estates—this courtesy which came, as Wildherne himself realised, from "a deep modesty that would have been shyness had there been in his character more egoism"; genial Lord John Beaminster, who was not happy unless he could exclude all unhappiness from his friends and his surroundings, and who felt "as he looked down at the cascades and jets of humanity tossed fruitlessly at his walls, all the pride of a good, old mariner in his taut and seaworthy vessel"; Lady Rachel Seddon, whose life had been a conflict between the settled principles of the old Duchess of Wrexe and her family, and the newer "un-English" aspect of many things, so that even now her husband had died leaving only her son, jovial, big-hearted Thomas Seddon—whom she was to lose also—she seemed apart, strange, remote from people so English. It was perhaps "the Russian blood in her, something sad and brooding behind her vitality and fun"; finally there is Janet Grandison, her closest, dearest, in fact, her only true friend. She is easily the finest character in the book, and for her parallel we must look to Lady Rachel Seddon herself, in whose life there was something of the difficulties which Janet had to bear. Perhaps it was this hidden link which created the union between them. Difficult though her life was, with the burden of her selfish, beautiful sister Rosalind, yet the grace and goodness of her noble character enabled her to emerge triumphant at last happy in the knowledge that she and Wildherne were going to work together—to do something worth while before their time came to leave this earth of ours. There is no better compliment to pay her than to echo the words of the Duke of Romney, when he said, "of all the young women in London, he liked her the best."

Then, of course, there are minor characters: the Duchess of Romney, Miss Crabbage, her secretary, Hunt, the Duke's secretary, the Reverend Charles Pomeroy, M. Felix Brun, who is never quite happy unless he can find a listener to his theories and talk of his beloved London; the Mossops, the Durants, the Chichesters, the Medleys, the Weddons, and the whole brilliant array of titled folk who are Walpole's English aristocracy.

In an earlier book we have the Duchess of Wrexe—a character, "with its furies and its disciplines, its indulgences and its amazing restrictions, its sympathies, and cold-blooded cruelties, its tremendous sense of the dramatic moment so that again and again a position that had been nearly surrendered, was held and saved. . . . ." And this was the woman who upheld the power of the Autocrats, and to whom the English papers referred, at her death, as the one-time Queen of English society even during the long time of her sickness, "during the thirty years that she was completely hidden"—she who was now a dim fantastic figure of the memory!

These then are his English aristocrats, and I like to think that Walpole has given us a faithful picture of them. And because no story of them is complete without their humbler retainers we must mention kind-hearted Mrs. Beddoes, charlady to Janet and Rosalind Grandison.

Nor can we forget Hignett, who was in Wildherne's words, "family butler, factotum, friend." With these humbler characters Walpole is as much at ease as with his Dukes and Duchesses, and his regard for each is sincere and faithful.

The old Duke of Romney is an instrument in the awakening of Janet and Wildherne to a better, mutual understanding, but these humble, affectionate servants play their big part, too.

Bound up in the lives of these aristocrats is their regard for London, and Walpole voices their thoughts as well as his own.

Think of a March afternoon with London wreathed in a brown, sunny mist that transmuted the old grey stone, the windows and doors, with an amber light, and when London becomes "of more importance than its inhabitants." The geniality is that of an old gentleman taking his ease at his club window and watching the world go by. No other city has that masculine geniality—New York moves too fast; it cannot afford the time; Paris is too feminine; old Rome too conscious of modern Rome to be lighthearted; Stockholm, too physically material; Petersburg —alas, poor Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad, sinking back into its marsh whence so recently it climbed!—but your old, brown, smiling gentleman, rotund-stomached, clear-eyed, too unimaginative to be disturbed by the strange mutterings beyond his window, he is still there, the guardian of the world's tradition."

That conception of London is masterly, and I do not think that I can choose a better note on which to close. May I perhaps say that although I am Australian-born, yet do I like to think of the English Aristocrats of Hugh Walpole as guardians of the world's best traditions, too!

A. Murray Smith.

BLUE WATERLILIES.

Reed-rimmed the prosaic pond still skirts the way,
But o'er the sombre prose of yesterday
Blue poetry has blown.

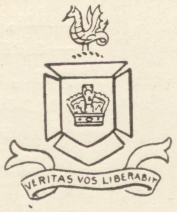
. . . .

Blue, still, and fair upon the water's breast,
Broad placid petals deepening down,
Curve to the rich-ringed heart of gold
Where dreaming sunlights rest.
A chalice meet all fancies sweet to hold;
While alien thoughts in fragrance drown,
Yet unexpressed.
All the soft mystery of eastern nights,
All the enchantment of the Far-away,
Sleeps in its heart, surrounded by the lights—
The glancing lights
And fleeting shadows of a summer's day.

. . . .

So might they grace the spring of fields Elysian
Nor in those kindred airs the richer bloom:
Fanned by the angel-wings that prophets vision,
With angels' breath be mingled their perfume.
And only there would all the thoughts have room
That lie within its being to unfold
In beauty rare.
And all the sleeping melody they hold
Could waken . . . . there.

Z. Stables.



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Eugenics and Democracy

The application of scientific knowledge in the realm of politics is slow in coming; it has been slow in the past because politics have not been studied as a science; and it would appear that the prospect of its application in some of the more important realms of politics will become slower still in the future. I refer to the discoveries of the science of Eugenics and the application of these discoveries to solve some of the most important practical problems which concern governments to-day.

Interest in population is not new. It is to be found in the "Republic" of Plato, who discusses in an effective way chiefly its quality. It is to be found in the French Encyclopaedists and the Economists who were concerned more with quantity. We find it again in Malthus, and later in Sir Isaac Galton, both of whom treated the subject very seriously. The interest shown by these writers has manifested itself in practice chiefly in connection with the quantity of population, and little has been done to give effect to those theories which concern quality.

In Australia, interest in population is shown to some extent both as regards quality and quantity. Some attempt is being made to populate Australia, and to populate it with decent people. But the method adopted, of accepting only the best of those immigrants offering themselves from other countries, is purely a national consideration; it is by no means cosmopolitan. Other countries, it seems, must take the rejected undesirables to their own detriment, if Australia will not.

On the other, Japan is concerned with the difficult task of finding food and accommodation for her tremendous and continually increasing population; and it might seem that it is here, among the fertile yellow races, that we would first expect the application of the discoveries of Eugenics. But here again the problem would be regarded as purely national.

The growth of cosmopolitanism may have its effect here. The problem of Japan would seem to be to get rid of a surplus population regardless of its quality, because of its restricted land area. Suppose the League of Nations could intervene, and succeed in permitting the entry of all coloured races into all parts of the world, Japan's problem would be solved from the national point of view. From a cosmopolitan view-point, there is another problem to be solved. It is common knowledge to-day that as we rise in the social scale productivity decreases, that is to say, while the lower classes continue to increase, those above which inevitably contain the better class of people, decrease. Further, there is the possibility that the standard of the classes below will tend to sink, since any little talent which is there will tend to rise out of its level to the class above, and thereupon cease to reproduce itself; and that the dregs of the upper classes will sink to the classes below and adopt their attitude towards reproduction. Hence we get a continual increase in numbers and decrease in quality in the lower classes, and a decrease in numbers and some small increase in quality in the upper classes. Ultimately the upper classes will disappear. This is the problem as stated by Lothrop Stoddard, who no doubt states the case in its worst aspect. However, the problem remains, and his solution is the application of Eugenics, and what is generally known as the segregation of the unfit.

If the scheme were to be made use of, it would have to be made a state matter. Regulations controlling the quality breeding would have to be introduced and enforced by the government. The upper classes which have hitherto refused to breed must be compelled in some way to do so. The lower classes who are willing to breed must be restricted. They must be treated in the same way as lunatics. Both classes must be compelled to do what they have hitherto shown themselves unwilling or unable to do. On the one hand, we have people able to support children, but unwilling; on the other hand, people unable to support them, but quite willing to produce. To make the application of Stoddard's solution more difficult we have democratic government almost everywhere.

It seems characteristic of democracy that it is accompanied by a tendency on the part of the people to disregard the law. There is the feeling that because the nation makes the laws, that the nation can equally well break them. It is no very distant step to assert that if a law is unsatisfactory to any large section of the people, that they are morally justified in breaking it; and further that the state is not justified in enforcing it.

Consider this frame of mind in a state, and it must become clear that the application of Eugenics and the segregation of the unfit in a democratic state are alike impracticable. While you have a democracy, you cannot resist the tendency to maintain that there are certain rights inborn in man, which he can assert not only against his fellows, but also if necessary, against the state; and it would be impossible to attempt to constrain any large number of people into submitting to something which would deprive them of what they would regard as their most fundamental right—the right to life itself. To those who uphold democracy as the best attainable form of government, as being the only form which gives a citizen the right to have some say in the control of his actions, the solution of the problem lies in a direction which science discountenances—education. It is not upheld by science because it has been found that no amount of education will reform the criminally insane. The only solution which seems at all practicable lies in a benevolent despotism with surpassing wisdom and foresight, and a power at its disposal to enforce its commands, irrespective of the will of its subjects. Such a power as this cannot be found in democracy, and it would seem that if we are to consist of a race which will be strong mentally and physically, that we must give up our beloved democracy and allow ourselves to be governed for our own good—a fitting punishment for a race which long ago showed that it either did not know how or was quite unable to govern itself.

M.H.

L'IDEE.

If this, our life be but a day in span
In the eternal sphere of things that are,
If years which, passing, mark the life of man,
Move forward still, relentless as a star.
In its set course, Oh, soul, who since my life
began
Have been imprisoned, why should you still
mar
Yourself in darkness, since, my soul, you can
Your pennoned wing uplift and fly afar?

There is the glory that my soul desires,
There is the rest 'o which the world aspires,
There liveth love, aye love and pleasure, too.
There in the heavens will my soul find rest
There will I find the glory of my quest—
Ideal beauty, which on earth I woo.

—(Translated by "Lemlara" from the French cf J. du Bellay.)

C. E. Montague

C. E. Montague is dead: his epitaph will, I hope, be "He is an Englishman." This is not delivered with the ironic inflection of the original. Montague knew England, her land, her buildings, her literature, and her men, and loved them. His love letters are seven volumes of mellifluous prose.

Montague was a journalist on the "Manchester Guardian,' which Wells, with the cautious qualification, "after its fashion," ranked as the finest newspaper in the world. He ended his career as editor of that journal, and during it published seven books, the first in 1910 and the last in 1927; of these the majority were published after the war had ended. His first book is a novel, and his last a novel, and the remainder with the exception of one other novel and one collection of short stories are belles-lettres.

Proof of his utter Englishry is demonstrable from his work. The first and most obvious sign is his profound knowledge of and love for the works of another as English as himself, William Shakespeare. His knowledge is not profound in the sense that he can discuss the quantity of half-lines in Antony and Cleopatra, or speculate with something of accuracy as to the identity of the Dark Lady, or that he can read more meanings into a phrase than any other commentator. He knows the plays as plays, the characters as men and women, the lines as poetry, and all as pieces of magnificently artistic construction, and does not regard them as subjects for that ghoulish dismemberment characteristic of a literary autopsy. It requires a thorough understanding, a nice appreciation, not a mere academic knowledge to write such a delightful piece of nonsense as the story "My Friend the Swan," which appeared in the stories collected under the name of "Fiery Particles" in 1923. This story depends for success of its presentation of quotations from Shakespeare. And Montague quotes not with mere aptness, but with that hyper-aptness that comes of intimate acquaintance, with that delicate inflection of word or line that gives the sense of something superadded. Moreover he can put Shakespeare to the supreme test of the true classic, i.e., apply him, and shows in him that ready adaptability with which a classic conforms to contemporary conditions. No better example of this could be discovered than in "Disenchantment," which was first published in 1924, and lashed the heroics of the war with a stinging irony. Knowing the adaptability of Shakespeare he says as much: "Shakespeare seems to have known what there is to be known about our Great War of 1914-1918. And he was not censored. So he put into his Henry IV. and Henry V. a lot of little things our press had to leave out at the time for the good of the country. If you look closely you can see them lying about all over the plays. There is the ugly affair of the pyx, at Corbie, on the Somme; there are the little irregularities in recruiting; there are the small patches of baddish moral on the coast and even in Picardy; there is the painful case of the oldish lieutenant who drank and had cold feet, after talking bigger than anyone else. One almost expects to find something in Henry V. about the mutiny at Etaples or the predilection of the Australians for chickens." Then he proceeds to demonstrate the truth of his proposition: "Hotspur, in deathless words has aired the eternal grudge of the combatant soldier against the Brass Hat—

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom.

So the jaundiced narrative flows on and on, doing the fullest justice on record to some of the main heads of the front line's immemorial distaste for the Staff."

Nor is it Shakespeare only that Montague knows. To provide the essentials for such characters as Fay in "A Hind Let Loose," and Colin March and Victor Nevin in "Rough Justice," you must be able to do more with literature than mouth the sounding names of great authors in the hope someone may be trapped into the

belief that you have read them. As with Shakespeare so with others, his quotations are apt and come with the readiness bred of familiarity. Nor is any threadbare; none is even shiny at the elbows.

But where he most betrays his Englishry is in his characters. "Betrays" is, perhaps not strictly correct, for he is a shameless patriot, England is to him indeed, "this other Eden, demi-paradise." But his patriotism does not run him into the apotheosis of the Englishman, nor the blind contempt for any not fortunate enough to have been born to beer and the abuse of the government, it is pure love of country, love of her very faults and failings. He has as a result achieved the characterisation of that mythical individual, the typical Englishman. Auberon Garth in "Rough Justice" is this extremely neat synthesis, but being synthetic he is not thoroughly real. Characters like Colin March in "Rough Justice," Dick in "A Hind Let Loose," and, to a certain extent, Rose Burnage in "Right Off the Map" are more realistic. They leave the impression that into them is projected a portion of the author, viz., the ironical, the cynical Mr. Montague. They are in fact the personification of irony, and irony is Montague's most obvious trick of style. In "Disenchantment," when the horror of the war was strong upon him he writes with an envenomed pen; in "Rough Justice" he is a little less bitter; in "Right Off the Map" there is pure irony, he stops twisting his knife in the wound and leaves only a long stinging slash. The characters that ring most truly are what are really the lesser characters, the soldiers. They are not the impossibly delightful inventions of Kipling nor the delightfully impossible creations which issue in their silent strength, from "Sapper's" disordered brain, they are the truest portrayals since Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Fluellen. And this is because the material for their composition was poured into the mould at white molten heat from a war-inflamed mind. Montague knew the war from experience, experience more bitter even than the sentences in which he wrote of it.

But as in characterisation Montague is brilliant, so it is in characterisation that he fails. His major characters become stock figures, sometimes he does not even trouble to trick them out in a new garb. Dick, in "A Hind Let Loose," becomes Auberon Garth in "Rough Justice," and he in turn becomes Willan in "Right Off the Map." Fay and Colin March are similar, and Colin appears in two of the short stories as well as in "Rough Justice." Roads (a probable caricature of Northcliffe) appears in "A Hind Let Loose" and in "Rough Justice," and there is much of him in the make-up of Bute in "Right Off the Map." This repetition of characters is explainable if we regard Auberon Garth as his interpretation of the English character, Colin March as a bit of deft self-projection, and Roads as the promoter of cheap journalism which he hated. To counteract this recurrence of types, it is pleasant to realise that there is no one quite like the German musician in "A Hind Let Loose," no one quite like Corporal Cart or Immals, no one quite like Lovel Waters.

Montague is as well a tragedian. In all the novels there is a shadow of tragedy in some more deep than in others. "A Hind Let Loose" could easily be named "The Tragedy of Dick"; "Rough Justice" with even greater accuracy could be called "The Tragedy of Victor Nevin"; and more so than the other two, the obvious description of "Right Off the Map" would be "The Tragedy of Willan." Here, of course his irony is a great asset. What better example of dramatic irony could be desired than that in "Rough Justice" where Victor Nevin welcomes the news of the declaration of war with glittering words in golden phrases, weaving his sentences into a bewildering web of delicate traceries. Auberon less acute than Victor misinterprets him, and assumes that he means that they all enlist as privates. Victor is driven out to France by the force of horrid circumstances, and by the force of more horrid circumstances he is driven to desertion for which he is later tried by court martial and shot. In "Right Off the Map" there is a similar situation. Willan is leading a force to the relief of Ria City where his friend Burnage is making half-hearted endeavours to hold out. Just as the messenger announcing

his approach penetrates into the city Burnage surrenders. His conqueror instructs Burnage to inform Willan of his capitulation and to order him to lay down his arms. This Willan refuses to do believing that his friend could not send such a message, that he would not give in with so poor a struggle. Willan continues his march to the city, his small force is naturally overwhelmed, and he himself is tried and hanged as a rebel.

All this is couched in a noble prose. Montague was one of the few modern writers of English whose style was absolutely of the first rank. It is not composed of rolling periods, it is not in the slightest degree a rhetorical prose. It flows smoothly forward in a limpid stream, breaking occasionally into a fine rainbow spray of colourful description. These patches occur in the novels at frequent intervals, but are there of necessity short on account of the interrupting passages of dialogue. In "Disenchantment," where dialogue is practically absent, we have his finest expression, and that in it he is not hampered by any lack of vocabulary is apparent from the following.—

"How many I had seen outlive their little youth of groundless hope, from the approach along the darkened roads through summer nights, the eastern sky pulsating with its crimson flush, the wild glow always leaping up and always drawing in, and the waiting cavalry's lances upright, black and multitudinous in roadside fields, impaling the blenching sky just above the horizon; and then, in the bald dawn, the backward trickles of wastage swelling into great streams or rather friezes seen in silhouette across the fields, the trailing processions of wounded, English and German, on foot and on stretchers, dripping so much blood that some of the tracks were flamboyantly marked for miles across country; and then the evening's reports with their anxious efforts to show that we had gained something worth having. Was it to be only Loos and the Somme and Arras and Flanders and Cambrai, all over again?"

And so from sentence to sentence, from paragraph to paragraph, from page to page—

"The rich stream of music flows along.
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

JOURNEY'S END.

A morningful of darting swallows
And a sunlit space where trees have thinned...
There shines the track that Fancy follows
Through the summer-scented hollows
Beneath a low broad-blowing wind.

Across the breadths of distance gleaming
Across the day it winds until
It fades where splendid skies are seeming
To hold the world in magic dreaming
Beneath a sunset red and still.

Then comes a darkness far-extending
An all-effacing pathless night,
Where haply all our ways are ending
And unknown skies are deeply bending
With unfamiliar stars alight.

Z. Stables.

Musical Appreciation

It has been said, with a large proportion of truth, that appreciation is the basis of all criticism. This generalisation is peculiarly applicable in the case of a musical work of art. Here, one cannot hope to appreciate without being critical; while without appreciation our criticism becomes cold, and inartistic. The two terms, then, run hand in hand. Both, although necessary, start successively; the appreciation coming first. We find ourselves affected by some melodious piece, and we begin to analyse the reasons for this—the stepping stone to a basis for criticism. The value of our criticism depends on the standard of our appreciation, which in turn reflects, more or less accurately, the colour of our ideals. The conception of ideals serves as a standard, by which we appreciate or criticise; and it follows that if our ideals are erroneous our appreciation or criticism must likewise be unsound.

Returning now to appreciation we are faced with the difficulty, that the majority of people think they are musical merely because the sounds are pleasing to their senses. This must be true of any person who has the slightest sense of harmony, because the laws on which harmony is based were primarily based on pleasing combinations of sounds. Any person whose musical insight extends no further is certainly not musical, although he may have been had he lived in the long past days when chanting was the order of the day.

True musical appreciation is of two kinds—intellectual, and inherent. Of these the latter is by far the deeper, and more significant. Some people discard the former, but this not justified. Personally, I do not stress its importance, but one must remember that the citadel of music has been largely built up on an intellectual basis, and not solely on a basis of inner emotion. People who have a good intellectual appreciation are not too common, while those who have a soul for music are very thinly scattered. Both types of appreciation are very much abused in these days of social artificiality, when social and other gatherings cease talking for a few minutes, while so-and-so renders his or her piece. After the interlude we hear a few remarks of "very nice," etc., and the gossip continues. Even a lot of good concerts really degenerate to this level of "appreciation"; for it is considered fashionable to be "musical" these days; and the obvious way of being in the fashion is to go to such concerts, or buy a gramophone, and extol the qualities of the masters to all your friends.

As its name signifies, intellectual appreciation results from a knowledge of the art. A person studies theory, and on examining a composition he finds the harmonies interwoven with remarkable skill, a unique blending of major and minor tones, and perhaps subtle thematic variations, etc. Upon realising this skill of the composer, he begins to realise the difficulties that have been surmounted, and with such knowledge begins his intellectual appreciation. We hear of people becoming "educated" to Beethoven's music. By carefully studying this master's methods they can acquire a good intellectual appreciation; but they must not take the usual step after this, and conclude that they have a musical soul, merely because the music sounds pleasing to them. Of course the music of the world is of such varied types, that it is possible for a person to appreciate one type of music at once, but he may require some little instruction before he appreciates another type. Brahms is a particular case I have in mind. This just depends on the person himself, but with study he will at least help to develop any intellectual appreciation he may have.

"The man with a soul for music is as rare as man himself" is an old witticism. Perhaps it is easier to find a man, than a person with a soul for music, although whichever way we look at it is not without some regret. Although the rarer type of appreciation we more often find this type as being interpreted as "pleasing to the senses." Most people who only think they are musical will agree they have little or no intellectual appreciation; but very few indeed will admit that their inherent

appreciation is as small or even less. Why not be frank about it? What is derogatory about admitting that one has not been favoured by the Muses. This type of appreciation is much rarer, and unfortunately far more difficult to define. It twangs the heartstrings of our inmost self. It raises our emotions to ecstatic heights, while at the same time it fathoms the profoundest convictions of our own philosophy. Whatever it is we can be certain that such a musical appreciation is impossible without the concurrence of elevated ideals. Musical appreciation without a lofty idealism is purely and simply fantastic. Music to the truly musical represents the modes in which they would sing of their ideals, had they been favoured with the creative faculty. The absence of this faculty does not of necessity render a person unmusical, as there are many cases of genuine appreciation analagous to the "mute poets" cases of Carlyle. Since the ideals of music are among the loftiest conceptions of the human mind, and heart, it follows that the higher man's ideals, the more genuine is his appreciation of the art.

A critic has said that although the fields of both appreciation overlap (and in the ideal both are combined), we can best differentiate with illustrations. The man with the intellectual type appreciates music when he is in the right environment. He is not the man to stop when passing down the street to listen to a selection that he hears by chance, however excellent it may be. The very sound of the notes does not bring him to a standstill. Numerous examples could be cited, but are hardly necessary.

In conclusion we may mention the ideal appreciation in which both are combined. It is possible for almost anyone to acquire sufficient practical and theoretical knowledge of music to develop some intellectual appreciation of that art. A man born without "music in himself' can never have a musical soul. If he is fortunate enough to be so favoured then by careful study he can develop an intellectual appreciation; while simultaneously his deeper appreciation will ripen of its own accord. Combining this with the creative faculty, we have the case of the great masters. They toiled incessantly to perfect their technique, and concurrently they partook deeply of theoretical studies. They did not stop at this, and that is where genius comes in. Without the necessary intellectual equipment they could not have given of the best that was in them. They would have been like the inspired man who lacked nothing but speech.

Many people, however, develop just sufficient musical technique either theoretical, or practical, to make them a regular nuisance to the public at large. The well known piano "thumpers" belong to this class, whose playing consists of a succession of sounds often of a more mechanical nature than a well-trained pianola.

C. P.

Small Beginnings

The visit of important personages to Australia, especially those connected with the royal family or even those surrounded with the glamour of vice-regal authority, always provides a pretext for local luminaries to step a little nearer the limelight, and for the crowd to give vent to unbridled expressions of affection and loyalty for the Imperial Crown, demonstrating the truth of this lip homage withal, by almost crushing to death the representative of royalty within their midst.

Our mothers and grandmothers bent their knee to the Dukes of York and Clarence. We have waved to the Prince of Wales and cheered the Duke and Duchess of York. For these last a souvenir issue of "Galmahra" was even printed, and when an excited public, after hastily buying it outside the Exhibition Buildings, opened it at home leisurely to enjoy photos of the Duke in pinafores, to re-read for the hundredth time all his clever sayings when a baby, or to shudder with pleasant horror at pictures of Glamis Castle with the ghost of Lady Macbeth within, they found not even an account of the baby princess, only a photo of their Highnesses which they had seen dozens of times before.

Such disappointments, such great gatherings of crowds, such mayoral addresses are ever the inevitable accompaniment of regal or vice-regal progresses. Not one jot was the pomp and ceremony abated, when Queensland, just promoted to the rank of independent State in 1859, welcomed Sir George Bowen, her first Governor, within her territory.

Brisbane, then a little town of 7,000 inhabitants with 14 churches, 13 public houses, and 12 policemen (one wonders nowadays what would happen if there were less policemen than churches) viewed in serious light the responsibility of welcoming on behalf of the State's population of 25,000, it first vice-regal representative. To fittingly celebrate such a great occasion the "Moreton Bay Courier" grandiloquently said:—

"The great event of our history stands recorded. A new epoch in the annals of Australia has come to pass; our era has commenced, and the delays and disappointments of the past are amply compensated for by the triumphant successes of the present. We have, as a free and independent people welcomed amongst us the first representative of royalty to whom the task of governing our young State has been allotted; and never was welcome given with heartier zeal.

"Yesterday week was the first day upon which the arrival of H.M.S. Cordelia was looked for, and upon that account a series of holidays, lasting over four days, was commenced. Steamers went down to the bay, visitors poured in from the country, and flags waving by day and fireworks by night gave a glimmering of the idea of the enthusiasm held in check until the actual landing. But it was not until the arrival at the Botanical Gardens in Brisbane that the grand expression of loyalty was envinced. Upwards of 4,000 people were congregated on the banks! His Excellency was received at the landing place by the Mayor and Corporation of Brisbane; and as he stepped on shore a salute of twenty-one guns was given."

How modern, how familiar this account sounds, but the effect of familiarity is heightened for us (in these days of strikes and hold-ups of industry) when we find that the working men of Brisbane, not mingling with their capitalistic neighbours, saw fit to present a separate address to his Excellency. Gently but firmly did Sir George rebuke this spirit, his little homily reminding us of Mr. Bruce endeavouring to smooth the way towards a conference of employers and employees. "In a new and free country, like that in which we are living, where there are no paid idlers or sinecurists, every man—Governor, judges, magistrates, clergy and all—every man, I repeat, is emphatically a working man." "Then," continued Sir George, "let us all unite cordially in advancing our common interests. Capital is powerless without labour, and labour is unprofitable without the aid of capital. Without good government and good laws, impartially administered and cheerfully obeyed, neither capital nor labour is safe."

The Downs country was the next place to welcome the Governor, who gives a charming account of the squatters' reception, and of the passage of Cunningham's Gap, all the more interesting to us who in 1927 celebrated the centenary of its discovery.

"I ascended," he writes, "from the 'sierra caliente' of the coast to the tableland of the Darling Downs, through Cunningham's Gap, which though not equal, as some enthusiastic Queenslanders imagine to 'anything in the Alps,' is certainly finer than anything I ever saw in the British Isles. There is, however, a cascade falling three hundred feet into a chasm which would make the fortune of any valley in Switzerland.

"Some of the squires, or squatters of Merivale, had descended into the lowlands to meet and escort me to their homes; so we formed a very picturesque calvacade as we wound up through the luxuriant forests of the Gap. On the summit I was greeted with loud cheers, and there I found another batch of hospitable squatters with a cold collation and plenty of champagne and hock, spread on the grass at the top of the pass, nearly 3000 feet above the sea. . . . In the residences of the squatters I found carpets and curtains, plate, and pianos, champagne and crinolines, in places where fifteen years before the face of a white man had never been seen."

These few glimpses give us some idea of the material out of which Queensland has grown, and no more interesting means of looking at the early days of the State can be found than by going back in spirit to the days of Sir George Bowen and seeing with his kindly and observant eyes the people of the State who first welcomed him within its borders.

R. L. L. T.

Other Days.

Every third year "Greaser" who knows his Vernon-Harcourt (quem di perdant) knows that the province of the Engineer is the "conversion of the forces of Nature to the use and benefit of Man." Recent discoveries, however, lead us to think it was not always thus; rather was it the practice of the Engineer to convert man to the use of his profession. Our conclusion is based on the "Method of Hardening Damascus Blades," employed by craftsmen in the infancy of steel founding, and lately outlined in an English technical review as follows:—

> "Let the high dignitary furnish an Ethiop of fair frame, and let him be bound down, shoulders upwards, upon the block of the god Bal-Hal, his arms fastened underneath, with thongs; a strap of goatskin over his back, and wound twice round the block; his feet close together, lashed to a dowel of wood, and his head and neck projecting over and beyond the end of the block. . . . . Then let the master workman, having cold-hammered the blade to a smooth and thin edge, thrust it into the fire of cedarwood coals, in and out the while reciting the prayer to the god Bal-Hal, until the steel be of the colour of the red of the rising sun when he comes up over the desert toward the East, and then, with a quick motion, pass the same from the heel thereof to the point, six times, through the most fleshy parts of the slave's back and thighs, when it shall have become the colour of the purple of the king. Then, if with one swing, and one stroke of the right arm of the master workman, it severs the head of the slave from his body, and display no nick or crack along its edge, and the blade may be bent round the body of a man and break not, it shall be accepted as a perfect weapon, sacred to the service of the god Bal-Hal, and the owner thereof may thrust it into a scabbard of ass's skin brazen with brass, and hung to a girdle of camel's wool dyed in royal purple."

It is rumoured that certain members of the Faculty of Engineering propose to beat their swords into cargo hooks. . . . . What an excellent opportunity for reviving Damascan processes! . . . . There are some Artists we know. . . . . .

"Edalne."

"Sumer is Icumen In."

Most of us, I think, are able to profess acquaintance with that beautiful little Middle English lyric, "Sumer is icumen in," and some of us, no doubt, have had the fortune—or misfortune, as the case may be—to study it for examination purposes. We have painstakingly committed to memory such facts as that it is written in the Southern dialect of the early 13th century, having been recorded, towards the end of the century, in what is known as MS Harley 978. Perhaps we have analysed its structure, studied its prosody, and perhaps we have been lucky enough to have heard it sung with its vocal accompaniment known as the Reading Rota, or Roundel, our earliest piece of harmonic music. But how many of us have made the fascinating attempt to reconstruct the story of its possible origin, or to drag from the distant past the dim, time blurred personality of its author?

This Cuckoo Song, as it is called, is an adaptation of the reverdie, or the motive of the return of Spring, and is full of the very spirit of the season. The bird calls, and the heart of every living thing leaps, in response, full of gay and tender sympathy with quickening nature and the warming earth. Here are the old English words of it:—

"Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu.
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu!
Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bullue sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!
Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu;
Ne swike thee naver nu;
Sing cuccu, in, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu."

It breathes wholesome love of the brown earth and all the fresh green of the new spring budding all over the countryside flecked with sun and shadow. The writer must have rambled in the woods at dawn; he must have known the world wet with dew, vibrant with stirring plant life, and fragrant with the cool, heavy aroma of moist woods and earth mould. Yet he was a cloistered monk. John of Fornsete was his name, and the great Benedictine Monastery, Reading Abbey, was his home. Beyond these meagre facts, the world to-day knows little of his personality or his life. The monastery records prove him to have been a man of learning and achievement, and he was certainly skilled in musical art. A fac-simile of the original manuscript of his Rota can be seen in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, and shows rare artistic finish, the queer, square notes of black and crimson on their bars of blue being set down with loving care and pride.

Was Monk John young or old? As we know nothing of his death or of his cloistered life, so we have no authoritative record of the day of his birth. But at least he who could so cheerily carol forth these lines full of the summer call of all England, was young in heart if not in years. In those days boys were sent to the monasteries at an early age, and perhaps our John, being evidently a very normal English boy, found much boyish delight in sometimes breaking bounds to ramble far and wide, and, it may be, dance in the evenings with the merry village maids and lustily sing their favourite folksongs to the sound of the humming bagpipes. The musical accompaniment of his little lyric is very like a ballad, and is a strange piece to be found in the music chest of an Abbey. Church music was restricted to what was known as the ecclesiastical mode or scale; and all that overstepped these limits was considered written in "Il modo lasciva," the Wanton Key, frivolous and worldly, the key in which with song and dance the villagers and country people held high revel. And our Rota is in the Wanton Key! Perhaps is was suffered to be turned into a piece of church music because its harmony was so full and round, with more than the simple melody of the average folksong. Mr. W. S. Rockstro has suggested, "What more probable, then, than that a light-hearted young Postulant should troll it forth on some bright May morning, during the hour of recreation? That a second voice should chime in a little later? That the effect ot the Canon should be noticed, admired, and experimented upon, until the

brethren found that four of them could sing the tune, one after the other, in very pleasant harmony?'' However it was, it is as fresh and sweet as any of the pleasant old folk songs of the time. And, moreover, it has been noted that the ground-bass of this old Canon has a curiously suspicious resemblance to the buzzing drone of the country folks' beloved bagpipes. Imagine the quaint effect when the monks sang the Canon at Mass! Of course these words of the young summer-time, full of love and longing, were not to be sung in the chapel! So underneath them the good men wrote in these devout Latin lines:—

"Perspice christicola,
Quae dignatio,
Avelius agricola,
Probitus vitio.
Filio non parcens
Exposuit mortis exitio
Qui captivos
Semivivos
A supplicio
Vitae donat
Et secum coronat
In coeli solio."

Assuredly friend John had a rich sense of humour! He must have chuckled many times up his monastic sleeves when he should have been paying strict attention to the prayers of the moment. Yet the long centuries keep their secret well. We cannot know—he may have chuckled; he may have sighed. What visions, what memories may not have come trooping in on the notes of that sweet song of his? What voices may have called to him from down the years, beyond the grey walls of the cloisters. No, we cannot know. And so we see the dark-habited figure pass as we read, the fine scholarly face shadowed and dim under its cowl, the wistful eyes hidden in the mist of centuries; but fresh on our faces blows the dawn wind from the dew-wet woods, and with it comes the voice of the cuckoo clear across the centuries, calling to life and action. For is it not Spring once more?

"Saross."

———o———

For Undergrads in Love

I like you, for your face,
Pleases me, and the grace
Of your lithe free step.
The mass of your dark, dark hair,
Charms me, as I watch from my chair
In this shaded corner
You, sitting there in the light.
This lecture-room, the whole of this sight
Will remain with me, Sweet,
As an old perfume will remain,
In the folds where it has lain,
Till the folds have mouldered.

When the editor asked me to write a poem for this issue, I immediately invoked the Muse to come to my aid, that I might be of assitance to all the undergrads. in this 'Varsity except myself. I thought of the coy, downy youths I had seen at the Common Room 'phone, whispering the common old story into the sympathetic receiver, ogling the Beloved's telephone number, scribbled by reverent hands on the green paint of the common room wall. I shall write a poem, said I to myself, that shall bring the haughty young Undergradess to the Undergrad's feet. The poem I am referring to is printed above. Now—directions for use. I take it that I am dealing with intelligent and cultured couples. Therefore the undergrad. will take a position in the lecture room, in a shaded corner (line 6), and the undergradess will show herself off to the best advantage by sitting where she will be plainly visible (line 7). Now suppose yours is a bad case, for ''like'' (line 1) substitute (I write the word haltingly in Swan ink) ''love.'' No woman will deny that she has a lithe free step. All women and cats have. Suppose she has fair hair, or some other colour, just substitute for ''dark, dark'' in line 4, ''fair, fair,'' or ''light brown'' or ''red, red.''

Now, as the veriest tyro in Professor Priestley's class knows, the chance of losing a girl is in direct proportion to her good looks, or the chance of keeping her or retaining

her affection is in inverse proportion to her beauty. Now, when the emotional storm is over, or when she discovers that you are not her affinity, your friends will ask you why. You shall then strike a telephone attitude, the one you practised at the Common Room telephone, in the middle of the room, and recite the following:—

She was so beautiful I let her go,
I could not bear to see strong Time, stern foe
To all things lovely, beat her Beauty down.
To see that little mark become a frown
Indelible, to watch the straight lines sear
The upper lip, and wrinkles make a queer
Distortion of that face were agony,
And so I said
I do not care, and let her go.

The last two lines are imperfect in metre, that is to give the reciter an opportunity of putting in the requisite number of sighs and sobs. Your friend, with the instinct of a gentleman, when he observes your anguish of mind, and grief of soul, will refrain from questioning you further.

A. K. Thomson.

Orion

Richard Hengist Horne and Thomas Lovell Beddoes were both born in 1803. They were probably the strangest men of letters in the Victorian Age. Horne, among other things, served in the Mexican navy, went over one of the smaller falls near Niagara in a cask, was nearly eaten by a shark in South America, would change his socks anywhere, went to school with John Keats, dug for gold in Australia, wrote "Orion," an epic in three books, and sold it at the price of one farthing. Thomas Beddoes was a doctor by profession, and committed suicide in a most novel manner. He wrote a remarkable play entitled "Death's Jest Book," which contains some superb lyrics. Mr. Eric Partridge has issued from the Scholartis Press Horne's "Orion." We should like to see him issue Bailey's "Festus" and Beddoes' "Death's Jest Book" as well. It would be something to have three of the strangest books written in the nineteenth century on one's shelves.

Like most long poems "Orion" is very unequal. Some of the blank verse is extremely flat.

'Gainst Merope
Some spake aloud; against Orion, all—
Save the bald sage, who said, " 'twas natural."
"Natural!" they cried, "O wretch!" The sage
was stoned.

Some of his descriptions are in Keats' manner, though, indeed, they fall far short of it.

The hounds with tongues
Crimson, and lolling hot upon the green,
And outstretched noses, flatly crouched; their
skins
Clouded or spotted, like the field-bean's flower,
Or tiger lily, painted the wide lawns.

Like "Hyperion" it is a tale of the Titans, and though it contains a somewhat hazy allegory, the interest is well sustained. The loves of Orion for Artemis, Merope, and Eos, and his doings in the kingdom of Oinopion, are described with great force.

Still when all is said, the book is not likely to interest the general reader. The public has never greatly cared for epics, and an age that does not think of opening Milton will hardly read Horne. "Orion," however, should be in the libraries of all the Australian universities particularly. There was an edition of the book published in Victoria which sold well. It must have been one of the very first books published in that State.

The book is tastefully bound, and is printed in charming type. Mr. Partridge is to be congratulated on it. It is printed in the delightful italic of Treyford, a distinctive new Oxford University Press type.

La Joie De Vivre

O, College is the place, sir,
The place to go the pace, sir,
And students are the race, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Exception has been taken to this song on the grounds of unoriginality. We are accused of taking it directly and without alteration, from Sydney. But what of that? It is one of those songs in which the spirit lives, and which fully expresses the joy of college life. One has only to live a short while in college to discover that this is so.

All this, however, is by the way, with no purpose other than to introduce a subject—which has no purpose whatsoever, and therefore cannot be introduced. For we cannot regard as a true introduction such words as these:

I wake up in the morning,
Singing merrily,
Heigh, ho, the merry O,
As long as she loves me.

And yet this is usually our introduction to each day in college. Some happy but unmelodious bird who seeks the early worm, disturbs our slumbers at some unearthly hour.

Should we be so fortunate as occasionally to be spared such a rude awakening, our luck is too good to last. For on such occasions we are awakened by a seven-ton truck hooting its way up the hill beside us, and we all know what kind of hooter such trucks are attached to. We can only presume that the driver suffers from domestic troubles and that his new-found freedom calls for expression. Doubtless also the fresh air has an uplifting effect on his soul—I say "fresh," because he is beyond earshot when our vocabulary has got into full working order.

This is our first taste of humanity, but not our only one. In fact, it is merely an introduction to what is yet to come; for often during the day we are pestered by different specimens of varying degrees of excellence.

One specimen drives around in a cart. He calls out something as he drives, but so far I have only interpreted "Borteel buy borteel," and that, connected with the clink of a few bottles in the bottom of the cart, reveals that the driver hopes yet to live by the debaucheries of those who tread down such as he.

Similar specimens, but of a higher type, often pass by. "Pineappel, four a shillun," can quite easily be interpreted; or else "Strawberry, strawberry, nice ripe strawberry," reminds one of the Latin mnemonic. One of these specimens greatly interested me one day. He was calling, "Prawns, fresh-cooked prawns," in a nasal, but otherwise quite respectable voice. Unfortunately for his equanimity, the buildings very effectively re-echoed his song. As he passed beneath my window, he expressed his feelings. "Fine manners they teach you in this place," I heard him say, in a rather peeved tone of voice. Unfortunately I have never been able to decide whether he spoke thus for my benefit, or whether his utterance was merely the spontaneous overflow of an over-full heart.

Then there is the spongeing type. One day a particularly ripe and seedy specimen approached the place, and asked me for a "bob to buy a feed." I thought it would be much simpler and much more satisfactory for both of us if he were to visit the kitchen. I suggested such a course, but met with an unexpected reply. His feelings were too strong to express in words. He spat vehemently—a sure sign of thirst—and lumbered away.

Another day I was on the verandah, when suddenly I heard "Good day, sir." "Good day," I replied looking up, and seeing a cordial-drink seller. Feeling encouraged by my apparent simplicity, he told me that he wanted to sell me a gallon of ginger-wine. "You boys want to dub in together," he said. "It works out at 1½d. a cup. I can guarantee that you will be satisfied." I did not doubt his word, but having just paid my fees, and also having previously tested the qualities of this same ginger-wine, I put temptation from me.

On yet another occasion the Salvation Army stationed itself down the road. Immediately the first strains of music reached us, doors were hastily but quietly shut throughout the college, and all blinds

drawn; and thus they remained for an hour or so. We simply could not afford it. Doubtless the place assumed a dreary aspect, but that had to be endured, though it really hurt us when an old dame came to enquire whether the place were for sale.

Then, of course, apart from these incidents, there are the inevitable ferries. You have already been informed that in one college at least they have led to theft. We certainly have not sunk to such depths of shame, but nevertheless, a deterioration of intellect can be discerned. On the very first day that charges were made, one poor youth offered a penny stamp. Needless to say he was ignored. And now they have erected turnstiles, which are a source of inspiration to would-be humorists. One suggestion was that whiskers ought to be grown, or if already in existence should be lengthened. The idea was that, like a cat, their owners might be able to judge the possibility of getting through without sticking in or by the middle.

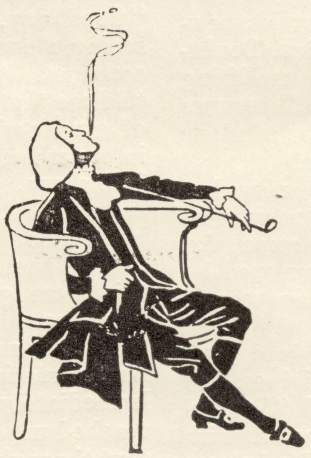
The City Council has been almost universally condemned for erecting such narrow turnstiles. But I, personally, cannot but admire their foresight. I have it on good authority that it was no mere economy of material, but a desire to preserve honesty of dealing among passengers that has caused the turnstiles to be erected thus. For you may have noticed that a short while ago, a beard appeared in one of the colleges. The sole purpose of this beard was to allow two persons to get through the turnstile on one penny only. But this was found to be impossible, and now the beard has disappeared. It is a great pity, really, for again I have it on good authority that the women, in the interests of beauty, intended making an attempt to remove the blemish. How, when, and where, I have been unable to discover.

So, when all these things are taken into consideration, can it be wondered that—

> At the College on the hill, sir,
> Of life we drink our fill, sir,
> We drink until we're ill, sir,
> To drive dull care away.

I personally have not yet arrived at the drinking stage, but certainly I am driven to the theatre occasionally to remove dull care. On one particular occasion I went and was duly elevated in spirit and returned to college to find that my belongings had shared the same elation, but, some being ponderous, had succeeded only in reaching the floor, while others and especially my bed, had reached the chimney stack; and, as I recovered them, were just about to seek realms unknown on the wings of a howling Westerly.

J. G. H.



Fish

A small procession moved slowly up the winding path from the river bank. It was headed by a group of four carrying between them a wide plank on which rested a bulky object covered in sacking, and from several places about it water dripped continuously, leaving a wavering track on the dust of the pathway. That the small house on the crest of the rise was their objective was apparent from the occasional glances which the members of the party cast towards it. The procession was advancing at a slow pace, partly on account of the weight of the burden which the leaders bore, but principally out of respect, respect for the dead. For the burden which they carried was the dead body of a man. That this was no common occurrence in the neighbourhood was plainly evidenced by the interest which it excited in the inhabitants of the surrounding houses. Everywhere was curiosity being satisfied and decency being preserved by peering through window curtains and peeping from behind half-opened doors. Everywhere were children being admonished by more conventional mothers for blatantly attempting to establish themselves on terms of greater intimacy with the deceased.

This was the third day since Charles Jordan had had the misfortune to be drowned. The story of the incident is common to many such affairs. He and a companion had taken advantage of the week-end for an attempt to combine a change of menu with one of the less dangerous forms of sport. They had taken a light boat and had rowed up to the Long Pocket, which was locally regarded as the best fishing ground in the State. Already on their arrival there was a large number of boats moored in the stream. They fished for some time with little success, and for that reason they decided on a change of position. They also decided to change their position in the boat, as Jordan had rowed up, and was naturally reluctant to do more than he regarded as his fair share of the work. In effecting this exchange, which they did with more than ordinary clumsiness, the boat capsized. Jordan could not swim, his friend could swim only a few strokes. The result was that he rapidly became exhausted in such endeavours as he could make to save Jordan, and in order to save his own life he was forced to release him. In deciding which of the two was the more worthy of a Heavenly crown he chivalrously cast his vote in favour of Jordan and struck out for the upturned boat, to which he clung desperately till he was rescued. Jordan sank immediately and never re-appeared. All these events were so swift in their sequence that the occupants of the other boats were scarcely aware of what was happening before it was all over.

Fishing for that afternoon was abandoned, at least for mere fish. There was the possibility of obtaining a record catch of another sort. The search, however, was in vain. The next day was devoted principally to fishing, with nothing more than a watchful eye for the corpse, as the general opinion was that the fast tide running in the reach on the previous day had long since swept it far down the stream. On the third day Charles Jordan was discovered by James Nicholls, one of the fishermen, floating close to the surface in almost the same spot in which he was drowned. With scant ceremony he was dragged aboard and rowed ashore With a little more ceremony he was given the first instalment of his funeral, an arrangement which, as one of the bystanders remarked at the time, was peculiarly appropriate to Charles, who in life had notoriously done things by halves, and even in death (or at least in its accompaniments) he was still divided.

As the party approached the house one of the number (the same man who made the discovery) detached himself from the group and preceded it to the door. He knocked and was answered by the appearance of a young girl dressed with morning untidiness, with eyes red and encircled with black shadows which contrasted unhealthily with pallid and hollowed cheeks. Before the man could give utterance to the halting apologetic phrases which would do their sorry best to explain the

nature of his mission, she had looked beyond him and in a moment had taken in the full significance of the dismal company with their burden under the miserable pall. From her lips issued a dreadful untongued moaning, and at the sound the men averted their eyes as if ashamed of their life.

"Mother," she called, "mother, your son is at the door."

At that Mrs. Jordan appeared, wide-eyed like a sleep-walker and tearless, moving with a force deliberateness as if each movement were the result of long and careful consideration. Her articulation was toneless and mechanical as she addressed the man who still remained silent and motionless by the door.

"Good morning," she said, "we are glad you have found him at last, Mr. Nicholls, and to all of you we are very grateful."

Then raising her voice she cried, "Come in, Charlie, come in, my son. Why should I be keeping you from your home?" Then her carefully sustained self-control broke down and she collapsed into helpless and hysterical weeping. Such was Charles Jordan's last home-coming.

Shortly after the arrival of his son, William Jordan, the father, came home. He had, when the accident occurred, been working away from home. The news had reached him very soon after the event. But though, comparatively speaking, he was not very far away, yet the means of conveyance to the nearest railway station were so poor and the trains so infrequent, that practically two complete days had to elapse before he could reach his home. Immediately on his arrival he went in to see his son, and after spending some time alone with him he went to offer masculine sympathy to his wife and such clumsy consolation as he could afford.

The day crept slowly on through long minutes from interminable hour to interminable hour. The ordinary household tasks had to be done, and the members of the household went about them mechanically. From the kitchen there issued the detestably greasy smell of food in the process of being cooked on a warm day, and when the family sat down to their mid-day meal it was from force of habit that they did so rather than from any conscious desire for sustenance.

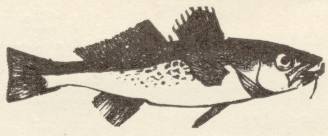
Mrs. Jordan served the meal. "Will you take some, Father?" she inquired of Mr. Jordan.

"Some what?" he returned sullenly.

"Fish," she said, "some that Jim Nicholls was kind enough to bring in."

"Fish," he repeated. Then dropping his voice, and emphasising his first and last words, "I couldn't eat any fish." Then raising his voice and leaping from his chair in species of frenzy: "Good God, woman, d'you think I'm a cannibal? Didn't Jim Nicholls find Charlie? Didn't you see the ragged lips of your son?"

Then the daughter of the house who had been unfortunate enough to dine early, relieved the tension by being sick.



More Ferry Tales

Once upon a time there was a king called Procrustes. He had a bed, and it was a particular source of amusement to him to capture people and cut them off or stretch them out until they fitted the bed perfectly. Of course you see the point. (I really didn't mean it to be so obvious.) "Once upon a time there was a Brisbane City Council and it made a turnstile." Now that Procrustes has served his purpose, let us consider the turnstile.

I do not know why, but even with the prospect of third term ahead, the word "turnstile" savoured of the romantic—a turnstile, surely that will transfigure ferry hill; a glimpse of the country flashes upon the inward eye. These are the sort of thoughts you had in vac., in that blissful stage between sleeping and waking when you couldn't be perfectly sure that you knew the difference between a stile and a turnstile. Wasn't there something somewhere about "Mary" and "sitting side by side," and somehow you feel certain there was generally a lame dog or two in the neighbourhood awaiting a helping hand. Then, fortunately, you went to sleep.

The awakening was rude—awakenings generally are. What was that ugly little house at the bottom of the hill, that made you stop and wonder: "Is it worth while running for a ferry when I can't see whether it's in or out?"

Romantic? Can you imagine anything less romantic than pushing against a dirty, squeaky iron bar, and finding yourself lodged fast? Not that we really cared very much: the council could build a series of them all the way up the hill for all it disturbed us, but just imagine the plight of our somewhat plumper brothers and sisters.

Scene: Lecture room.

Professor (genially): Mr. Smith not here to-day?

Air of suppressed excitement among several of the fresher students.

"Please, sir, he's stuck in the turnstile."

What possibilities—a queue of business-people all along River Terrace waiting for Mr. Smith to be extricated!

But, forgive me, it is scarcely a matter for joking. This turnstile is going to offend several things: in the first place our aesthetic sensibilities, in the second our dignity. It will make us conscious of our infirmities, or should I say, imperfections, and it will give rise to that deplorable spirit of curiosity. "Let's see if so-and-so can fit."

Coming home the other day, at a slack time for ferry traffic. I tried sideways; the experiment was successful in the extreme. I was feeling quite pleased with turnstiles in general, when I heard the easily recognisable sound of a large person out of breath trying to overtake me. He was very red in the face, and apparently owed his complexion to a mixture of heat, wounded dignity, anger, and whisky. "Isn't it a b—— shame?" He couldn't be talking to me. But there was no one near. He repeated his observation: this time the note of interrogation was decidedly not one to be ignored.

"It is somewhat inconvenient," I ventured.

"Inconvenient! I should jest think it was. 'Ow are they goin' to git a big woman through there, that's what I'd like to know?"

I didn't offer any suggestions, but it was a temptation to enquire why a big woman should be "got through" any more than a big man. I trust he was thinking of his duty towards his wife.

But it is too bad to complain at these well-meant labour-saving devices. After all, I suppose a turnstile costs quite a lot of money, and it is a stile, and it does turn, and it might be oiled some day.

Only, please, if there is any danger of you getting stuck, just get stuck and let the council see you. None of these violent exercises before breakfast: you'll need every ounce of your extra ballast for stew vac.

Besides, there might always be a fire, or a tidal wave, or the council might need the timber.

Marquita.

Emmanuel College

(Within the University of Queensland)

Principal:

REV. MERVYN HENDERSON, M.A. (CANTAB.)

Recorder:

REV. W. C. RADCLIFFE, B.A.,
Presbyterian Church Offices, Brisbane

Tutors:

S. G. KENNEDY, M.SC.
N. C. AITKEN, B.E.
J. E. G. MARTIN, B.E.
N. ST. C. HARVEY, B.A.
J. A. A. POLLOCK
M. HANGER
C. N. BARTON
R. D. CHARLTON
K. M. CARMICHAEL

THE COLLEGE is situated on the highest point of Wickham Terrace, one of the best and healthiest sites in Brisbane. The College is open to students of all denominations. Help in studies is given by efficient tutors.

Information as to fees, bursaries, etc., may be obtained from the Principal or the Recorder.

This Lack of Contributions

And once again, in the Ex Cathedra notes of "Galmahra," one reads the familiar editorial wail of "literary famine." Some rather unkind people, too, seem to have been commenting on the quantity and quality of the last issue. An excuse is offered for the thinness thereof (not that of super-quality), but it is the firm opinion of those controlling the destinies of the magazine that it is proper to ignore criticism as to the quality. Perhaps this is one reason for this lack of contributions. The editors agree with Byron—

"As soon
Seek roses in December,—ice in June!
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics."

The policy is doubtful; some corn may be winnowed from the husks of criticism. And while on this subject a little winnowing was, maybe, advisable in connection with the second term issue. People must be rather tired of hearing this sort of thing about "people." "People love one another, marry and live together for some years, and then one dies, and is whirled out into darkness, and later the other one must follow," or that "In 1914 the war broke out."

It is suggested that shyness is a cause of this literary famine. The reason is not convincing. It may be natural to be shy, but it is more natural for the majority to be somewhat susceptible to vanity as regards authorship. " 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print" is true, more or less, even of undergraduates, who would have no hesitation in writing if he could think of something to write about.

The true cause of this tragic famine is to be found in the present educational system. In both primary and secondary schools in this State, children are still conducted along a very narrow path toward the desired goal. They are not allowed to wander from this track, because allegedly it would lead to disciplinary complications. A certain knowledge of elementary subjects, a cramming for scholarships, is the goal aimed at. The real goal—that of utilising knowledge to develop the power of thinking in the growing youth is lost sight of in the general clamour for "results." Inspectors still pounce on the child who ventures to indulge a perfectly natural inclination, and teachers have to please inspectors, or find some other means of livelihood. Thus originality is nipped in the bud. The teacher is regarded as a god of knowledge, not as a partner in a common quest. From this authority no appeal is possible.

The youth, leaving school, carries this teacher-complex with him to the University, and there, for some time, this complex is accentuated, becoming a Professor-complex. Stupid notices, such as "Keep off the grass," add to the effect. By the time he has thrown off these shackles, he has probably shown to sufficient Professors that he has listened carefully enough to their words of wisdom, and shown sufficient evidence of application and memory work, to merit the degree of Bachelor of Something—it matters not much what. If the average student is fortunate, he has in his sojourn at the Degree Shop, come into contact with a few outstanding personalities, and his education begins. In nine cases out of ten, only when the Degree is being conferred, is the student fit to be termed an undergraduate. He is beginning to find out that by some mysterious process, he has been given brains for a purpose other than that of mere memorising.

In a somewhat similar way, the new-fledged woman undergraduate is as a rule a considerable time in showing any taste in dress, because of the habits ingrained in those years during which school authorities—not content with prescribing a uniform mental equipment—declare that girls shall wear a similar external adornment.

The average undergraduate is incapable of filling the pages of "Galmahra," because of his educational heritage. And the graduate is out in the world, for the most part too busy in his work or with his wife, to spare an hour or two for "Galmahra."

The position might be improved if the Common Rooms were liberally strewn

with thought-provoking papers such as the "Outline," "John o' London's" weekly, or the Sydney "Bulletin." It seems almost a pity that it was left to an English writer to pen the following extract for an English paper. It would be hard to find a theme more familiar to Australians or more suggestive of the wealth of material available to Australian writers.

". . . . . No witch ever waved a broomstick among the gum-trees. Green jacket and white owl's feather would be lost in that wide space of salt scrub. Neither great-god nor nymph, gnome nor troll, could play their music or their pranks among those pale trees. Yet the Bush has a spirit, something which puts that intangible background of grey and silver out of perspective, something humorous and friendly, yet a little scornful.

"Ever read Uncle Remus?" asked the squatter suddenly.

The question was inconsequent yet strangely apposite, and in a flash I remembered that delightful world of talking beasts, of small brown-eyed animals, who licked their paws and made jokes, of birds who chatted and admonished. I knew then, that spirit of the Bush came from this world of fur and feathers. It was Nature's joke to quicken this, the most eerie of her forests with a spirit so incongruous as the laughing jackass. It was this one touch of humour which had turned the squatter into a philosopher and kept him a prisoner.

"Couldn't stomach the English woods," said the squatter. "No fun." His eye rested lovingly on the melancholy pallor of the Bush. "Found I was takin' myself seriously over there."

A cackle of scornful laughter answered him, and he glanced whimsically at the gum trees. "Hear that?" he asked. "Keeps things in proper proportion, he does. Laughs at my losses and at my gains, and when I start moralising fairly shrieks. Didn't take to the English woods. Gave one no sense of value. . . ."

R. W. SKERMAN.

[We must add another to our already long list of complaints. Instead of fierce sarcasm our critics, with sad lack of originality, one and all resort to an unclean Byrony. The trouble with mercenaries is, however, that when hired to fight they are always likely to turn against their employer. We will add to this nothing more than Mr. Skerman's quotation in its complete form, and will decently leave it to speculation as to whose were the editorial hands which scorned Mr. Skerman's previous effort.

"As soon
Seek roses in December, —ice in June!
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, **who themselves are sore.**"

—The Editor.]

Chemical Engineering

As far as the writer can ascertain there seems to be a general ignorance, among University undergraduates at least, as to what is meant by the term "Chemical Engineer." Furthermore as there appears to be no adequate dictionary definition, may I be pardoned if I attempt to illustrate its use.

Thomas Tredgold in 1828 defined "civil engineering" as "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man." The epithet "civil" was applied in order to distinguish it from "military engineering." In the latter part of the eighteenth century engineering, i.e., professional engineering, was divided up into the following branches—civil, mechanical, electrical and mining. Of late years, particularly during the post-war period, a further branch has been added. It has been called by several names in various parts of the world, the chief being "industrial engineering," "applied science," and by what is perhaps the correct name, "chemical engineering."

Chemical engineering is the art of taking the results of the researches of the chemist in the laboratory and moulding them by the aid of the principles of engineering into economical and efficient methods for the production of materials. As in the other branches of engineering, the fundamentals of the art depend on the sciences—mathematics, chemistry, physics, geology, and biology. Perhaps if we illustrate first of all, the functions of the four branches enumerated above we may more clearly define the boundaries of chemical engineering as a branch of engineering.

The civil engineer is directed to extension of the means of communication and commerce; he builds roads, bridges, railways, canals, harbours, and docks, controls irrigation works, and sees that there are ample supplies of water and efficient sanitary arrangements. The value of his work to the community cannot be gauged in money. As the functions of a mechanical and an electrical engineer are nowadays practically wholly interdependent, they will be discussed as one branch. The work is chiefly the supply of power and its regulation. He also manufactures and designs machines for the use of industry at large. Lastly the mining engineer is concerned with the supply, conservation, and economical use of minerals.

The scientific study of chemical engineering has as its object, the accurate ascertainment of the functions of chemical plants so that the systematic knowledge so gained may be transferred to a new field with the minimum of mental labour. It is by studying the operation and design of plant along the lines of functional analysis that this proper scientific knowledge can be secured, and it is in this direction particularly as to the physical aspect of chemical engineering that much is still required to be done. The practical object of chemical engineering is of course the production of materials at a profit. It is therefore necessary to consider not only factors of a scientific character, but also to take into account economical considerations, upon which the making of profit depends.

The chemical engineer is frequently described in terms of opprobrium by both the chemists on the one hand and the engineer on the other, and it is sometimes stated that the chemical engineer in the company of chemists is an engineer, and in the company of engineers is a chemist. This observation is not surprising, but it simply serves to show that neither the engineer nor the chemist understand the scope of chemical engineering, and whilst it is often said that the chemist and the engineer speak in different languages, it might also be stated that the chemical engineer has yet another mode of expression. The problems of the designing chemical engineer are essentially different from those encountered either by the chemist or the engineer.

The lines of demarcation are, of course, not sharp, and chemical engineering spreads itself into both chemistry and engineering, but the overlap in each case is not so much as to interfere with either the chemist or the engineer.

In 1915 the Trustees of the late Walter and Eliza Hall donated a considerable

sum of money to the University of Queensland. A certain part was devoted to supplying equipment for a school of Applied Chemistry. A liberal endowment was also given so that a course of Applied Chemistry could be established and research work of similar nature could be undertaken. The outcome was that a course giving a degree of Bachelor of Applied Science in Industrial Chemistry was instituted. Several years ago the Faculty of Engineering decided to give a course of study in Chemical Engineering. In this course greater stress was laid on the engineering side than in the Applied Science course. From the outset it was difficult to arrange the course in four years. To do this special lectures were given in third year chemistry. Students doing the course were only expected to attend two terms' lectures in Civil Engineering I. Surveying could not be fitted into the time-table. The need of a knowledge of surveying coupled with a more thorough grounding in pure chemistry has led me to put forward the following suggestions:—

1. That the degree of Applied Science in Industrial Chemistry be deleted, and that all students desirous of doing applied chemistry should enrol in the Faculty of Engineering as Chemical Engineers.

2. That the course consist of five academic years, the first two years the subjects to be same as for ordinary engineers. In the third year the subjects should be Mathematics III., Civil Engineering I., and Testing of Materials, Surveying I., Hydraulics I., Building Construction and Architecture, Chemistry II. and Laboratory (parts not done in second year), Engineering Drawing and Design III., with vacation work of a chemical nature.

In the fourth year the subjects should be Chemistry III. and Laboratory, Electrical Engineering and Laboratory, Heat Engines III. (preferably with Laboratory work), Economic Geology, special lectures in advanced Civil Engineering and Hydraulics as would apply to Chemical Engineering and vacation work of a chemical nature.

In the fifth year the subjects should be Chemistry IV. and Laboratory, Engineering Drawing and Design IV., Specialist Courses (as now given), Thesis, General and Chemical Seminar Specialisation in a certain branch if so desired, and vacation to be devoted solely to thesis in order to endeavour to make it of some practical value.

The career of an engineer has only just begun when he leaves the University, and the more thorough the technical foundation on which he sets out the greater will be his value to the community. The five year course as suggested seems to give a better foundation than the present four-year course. It includes surveying and a wider instruction in chemistry. Furthermore little or no alteration in the existing time tables would be necessary to meet the requirements of the course.

These views have been gained in the actual pursuit of the course. It is hoped that they may be of use both to intending students of chemical engineering and to the University authorities in their search for a balanced course.

C. L. W. Berglin.

Student Benefactions

D—— THE CAT! Since such words inevitably form the beginning of a modern novel, it has become almost an axiom that all matters of interest should have such a novel beginning. Here then the ends may justify the means.

The first selection of Australian books for the Fryer Memorial Library has been made by Doctor F. W. Robinson, M.A., during his recent Sydney visit.

The incurable disease of want of money has seemingly not fastened its tentacles upon the S.B. movement, for it is a happy fact that gifts continue to flow in, despite the strikes and the Anglo-French-U.S.A. naval complications, under the impulse of the desire to make a purely voluntary gift to the University. More gifts, we know, would be made if people, in the course of the business of life did not forget. Many have admitted this and so we again draw the attention of readers to the movement. No one is asked to give; all are invited and encouraged. We think it wise to repeat our maxim for fear the movement be misjudged and harmed by the opprobrium of "A cadging concern."

Circulars and lists of possible gifts in kind have been sent out to Graduates. It would be excellent if departments could be freely equipped with these necessary and handsome gifts.

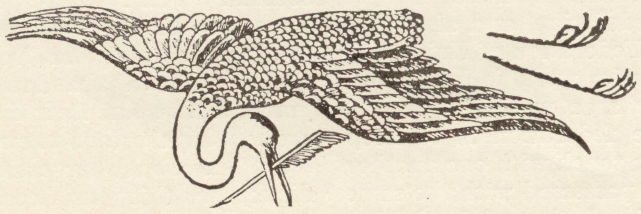
The funds have passed the £500 mark. Up to date they are:—

	£	s.	d.
Library	224	2	10
Arts	16	4	0
Science	19	14	6
Engineering	25	1	0
Law	2	2	0
Sports	87	9	1
Union	17	5	0
Specified	135	8	4
Unspecified	2	2	0
Total	£529	8	9

Student bodies have made several gifts throughout the year. First-year Science donated the surplus money of their procession subs. The collection at the Commem. Dinner was over £11. The Dramatic have made provision for a substantial addition to the Union Building by a gift of £50 for stage equipment.

These facts are interesting. With organisation Harvard University received answer from 7 per cent. of her Graduates; Sydney received 14 per cent. Our scheme has no such wide-spread organisation, and makes no direct "appeal"—yet it has received gifts from 10 per cent. of graduates. This bodes well for the time when our University will make her call, and her alumni show how much alive they are to their responsibilities, how deep lies their sense of gratitude and pride. It is the writer's firm belief that Queensland 'Varsity will not lag behind the rest.

E. G. W.



University Societies

THE UNION.

The Inter-'Varsity Debates held in Brisbane this August were controlled by a special committee of the Union. Of the actual debates an account appears elsewhere, but on the social side the Union entertained the visitors to a motor trip to Mt. Coot-tha and to a dinner. During the visit the annual meeting of the A.U.S.U. was held at the University, delegates being present from Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania, and Queensland. Sydney is not a member of the Union, but two of her representatives were invited to attend the meeting. The principal matter for discussion was that of Overseas Debating Tours.

Since the appeal in last term's "Galmahra," many questionnaires have been returned, but there are still some undergraduates and many graduates who have not attended to this simple matter.

The annual general meeting of the Union will be held in the Men's Common Room on Thursday, 24th October, at 1.5 p.m. Every member who can possibly attend should do so. Men graduate members and women graduate members of the Union are each entitled to one representative on the Union Council. Nominations for these positions, signed by two members, and by the person proposed, should reach the hon. secretary of the Union as soon as possible; if necessary, a postal ballot will be held.

WOMEN GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION.

The University of Queensland Women Graduates' Association is affiliated with the Australian Federation, and also with the International Federation of University Women, and thus its work is largely of an international character.

The aim of the federation is to keep educated women in touch with one another —women who are possessed with the same living and lively ideal, that of furthering understanding and sympathy between the nations of the world and so helping to bring about universal peace.

Thus we had great pleasure in welcoming to Queensland Miss Mary Glynne, M.Sc., the holder of an International Fellowship, who will do research work on rust on wheat in Australia. In May of this year we had the pleasure of entertaining graduates from all States of Australia when the fourth Biennial Conference of the A.F.U.W. was held in Brisbane for the first time.

The main discussion of the conference was the training and education of girls, and many valuable recommendations were passed over to the State Association for consideration. It is with pride and pleasure that we record that Miss Bage—a past President and member of the Executive, has been appointed President of the Australian Federation of University Women —a fitting honour to one who has given great service in the ranks of University Women.

MEN GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION.

One of the duties of a secretary, we are told, is to write reports. (Memo: In future, decline secretarial honours.) For twelve months we have evaded the obligation, but are now regretfully forced to the conclusion that we are not like Tennyson's brook.

The Men Graduates' Association held its Annual Dinner in the Johnsonian Club in December last. The evening remains in our consciousness as a very pleasant blur, but we seem to recollect that the customary toasts were proposed with more than usual facility and wit (no, the secretary was NOT a speaker), and they were certainly honoured by "staid" graduates singing old 'Varsity songs with the verve and abandon of impassioned young freshers at their first Commem. We are looking forward to next December.

An excellent suggestion made at the dinner has this year been adopted by the Association. Members and other graduates meet informally at luncheon in the C.P. Cafe, Country Press Chambers, corner Edward and Elizabeth Streets, on the

second Friday in each month. The average attendance is between twenty and thirty. The executive is glad to see any man graduate, whether a member of the Association or not, present at these luncheons.

So far, the graduates have signally failed to put the present generation of undergraduates in their place, both intellectually and in sport. A debating team, comprising Messrs. Donovan, Bradford, and Risson, endeavoured during second term to prove to them that "A bi-cameral system of legislature serves no useful purpose in a modern democracy." The audience declined to be convinced. We don't blame them.

On the occasion of the University Regatta on September 12th, the Boat Club challenged the graduates to boat a crew to race an undergraduate four over half a mile. Messrs. Harding (stroke), Barlow, Risson, Douglas, and Hulbert (cox) accepted the challenge, and had the satisfaction of holding a strong crew to a quarter of a length.

Graduate superiority might have been proved had tennis and cricket matches, which were tentatively arranged, taken place. The rain that fell on Exhibition Wednesday was more than enough to cause the postponement of tennis (it ruined the secretary's projected picnic trip!) whilst on September 15th, when the Graduates would have fielded a cricket team capable, we fancy, of "knocking spots" off the undergraduates, there wasn't a wicket available in Brisbane. However, the Executive is looking forward to turning out almost the same eleven later in the season, and hopes to report success in the next issue of "Galmahra."

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Since the last issue of "Galmahra," the Women's Club has held no functions. The annual meeting was held on Friday, September 21st, and the following officers were elected:—Patroness, Mrs. J. P. Lowson; president, Miss Annie Saunders; vice-president, Miss Murray; secretary, Miss J. Archibald. Very satisfactory reports and balance sheets were presented by the outgoing committees of the Provisions and Beautifying Club. Both must be congratulated on the many improvements that have been made in the Common Room this year.

The new committees are as follows:—Beautifying Club—President, Miss P. Hopkins; two members, Misses Popple and Cowell. Provisions Club—President, Miss H. Sharp; secretary, Miss P. Robinson; treasurer, Miss J. Cue.

Another attempt is being made to form a library of light literature in the Common Room. It is hoped that all members will return the books as soon as they finish reading them, and not, as they have appeared to have done, forget all about them. The librarians for the ensuing year are Misses N. and M. Barry.

This year has been a very successful one and great interest has been taken in the Club's activities by all its members.

THE MEN'S CLUB.

Since last issue the Men's Club kept up its reputation by again holding a Fancy Dress Dance. This time it was called "Plain and Fancy Dress," but luckily for our reputation not many of the undergrads availed themselves of the "Plain." There was a good attendance—many and varied were the costumes. One particularly remembers an "animal" called a cat. Another "gentleman" evidently forgot his trousers—but we afterwards discovered that this was part of his costume. Unfortunately space does not permit of a detailed description of the frocking, but this may be had on application at the office or in the society column of the "Sporting Sun."

The committee have an appeal to make—we must better last year's record attendance at the Annual Dinner. It will probably be held on the Friday of second week of Exams.

The annual general meeting of the club will be held shortly, at which the officers for 1929 will be elected.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The inter-University Debating contests which were held in Brisbane about the middle of August were very successful from the point of those people who were

fortunate enough to be present to hear any of them. From the point of view of the speakers in the debates themselves, however, we could have wished for somewhat larger though scarcely more appreciative audiences. All the debates proved extremely interesting, and in spite of the undoubtedly unattractive nature of some of the subjects, there was a good deal of wit and humour always waiting to come to the surface when any opportunity offered.

Queensland were eliminated in the first debate of the series by Tasmania, who ultimately proved themselves the champion team. The Queensland team put up a good fight, but were beaten very narrowly by a better team. The second debate between Sydney and Melbourne on the tyranny of convention might be described as perhaps the best of the series. The light style of subject seems to have been very suitable to the best southern type of witty debating, and both teams put up very fine performances. Sydney's performance in this debate being easily much better than the one they staged against Tasmania in the final debate. The third debate between Tasmania and Adelaide was marred somewhat by interjections from a member of the audience whose political views were not easily ascertainable from the nature of his remarks. He seemed somewhat of the Labour-Liberal type though tending usually to be against the government. The debate was won by Tasmania on a majority vote of the adjudicators. This left Tasmania to contest the final with Sydney. As was mentioned before, Sydney's performance here was not as good as in the Sydney-Melbourne debate, and Tasmania once again managed to scrape victory by a very small margin. They deserve the heartiest congratulations upon a very well earned victory. They defeated three out of the four competitors against them one after the other, and really to do this successfully points to the fact that their victory is as near to being convincing as it might possibly be.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The C.U. year came to an end with the annual general meeting held on October 1st. It was felt that though good work had been done and great interest taken by members during the year, especially in study circle work, progress was not as good as had been expected in view of last year's success. It is hoped that the Toowoomba conference will give our C.U. the impetus necessary for a great advance next year.

The "Day of Work," which is being made an annual effort, was held on September 15th, over 30 students taking part by doing jobs of very various kinds for the day or half day. The result was a sum of over twenty pounds, which has been sent to Headquarters, thus enabling us to complete our annual contribution to the Movement's funds while finishing the year with a comfortable credit balance. We desire to thank all those students, employers, and donors who gave such valuable assistance in this way.

The second devotional service of the year was conducted by Canon Robin in St. John's Cathedral on July 30th, his address on thanksgiving in prayer being greatly appreciated by the twenty students present.

Midday addresses were continued until early in third term, sustained interest being indicated by the average attendance of 45 up to the end of second term. We were very pleased to have an address from Mr. D. K. Picken, M.A., chairman of the A.S.C.M., during his hurried visit to Brisbane for the Presbyterian General Assembly. On the same evening he met members of executive and State Council at tea at the C.P. cafe, which provided a much-appreciated opportunity to renew conference friendships.

Since the August meeting of the General Committee of the A.S.C.M., arrangements are well in hand for the Toowoomba conference to be held in January. The central study, now in course of preparation, is one of direct and practical interest to every student. As suggested by its proposed title, "Religion in Action," it is an attempt to present the practical implications of Christian facts such as have been studied at recent conferences; and this, it will be seen, leads directly on to the fundamental principles of the Student Movement as expressed in its Aim and Basis, namely, the challenge to devotion of the whole life to the service of the Kingdom of God. This should give

the conference a value and importance greater than ever to those students who are still in doubt as to the real worth and meaning of the Movement, while making it equally valuable to those who are already well in the activities of the movement.

It is hoped that students will realise the importance of this occasion, and the great value in inspiration to the individual and in impetus to the corporate work of the C.U. of a big delegation to this conference; and that all will do their utmost to make Queensland's contribution to it something which will amply justify the experiment of holding a general conference in Queensland.

The officers of the C.U. for 1929 are:—President, Mr. G. H. Jenkins; vice-presidents, Prof. H. J. Priestley and Miss F. Bell; secretaries, Miss B. Robertson and Mr. R. K. Fardon; treasurers, Miss H. Heale and Mr. I. Mackillop; literature secretaries, Miss J. Archibald and Mr. G. Nash.

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University Sport

SPORTS UNION.

This year the annual general meeting has been changed from April to October, and in accordance with this the annual general meeting will be held on Tuesday October 23rd.

Since last issue some of the constituent clubs have finished their activities for this year, and the excellent record of the Football Club is outstanding among the club successes. This is the first time the University Football Team has won a premiership, and we heartily congratulate them.

The Hockey Club, too, has performed with more distinction during the past season than hitherto, and several members took part in the inter-State trial games.

Sports Union Blues for 1928 have been awarded to the following:—Hockey, C. E. Kerr, R. K. Fardon, R. G. Dodds, C. L. W. Berglin, M. A. Simmonds; Football, J. 1. Irwin, J. M. Hulbert, W. I. George, K. M. Carmichael, W. Young, W. Nixon-Smith, M. F. Hickey, and F. Vidgen; Cricket, H. M. Yeates, J. Bale, M. Biggs; Athletics, J. Harrison; Rowing, C. N. Barton, A. P. Douglas, J. McGrath.

At present there is practically none of the blazer cloth available here, but an order for a fresh quantity was placed some two months ago, which should arrive before the vacation.

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

A match was played this term between the Women's College and the Extra-Collegians. The match resulted in a win for the College, the score being 46—24.

The annual general meeting of the club was held on September 14th. The officers for 1929 are: Captain, Miss Grace Griffin; vice-captain, Miss Joan Patterson; secretary, Miss Jean Archibald.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

All our funds this year went towards the entertainment of the four visiting teams from the southern Universities, who competed in matches held during the week August 21st to 25th. The results were as follows:—

Sydney v. Melbourne	4—1
Sydney v. Adelaide	7—0
Sydney v. Tasmania	6—1
Sydney v. Queensland	3—1
Melbourne v. Adelaide	4—3
Melbourne v. Tasmania ..	5—0
Melbourne v. Queensland ..	2—4
Adelaide v. Tasmania	5—2
Adelaide v. Queensland ..	1—1
Tasmania v. Queensland ..	1—8

Apart from the matches there was a special programme. On the Tuesday a Reception Tea was held at the Jenolan Cafe, at which the teams were welcomed

by our vice-president, Mrs. Lowson. On Saturday night there was a farewell tea at the Anne Hathaway Cafe, at which Mrs. Lowson presented the cup to the winning team, which was Sydney University. During the week the teams were taken to Mount Coot-tha and for a day's run to Redcliffe. They were also taken for an inspection of the University.

At a meeting of the captains and secretaries it was decided to hold next year's tournament in Tasmania, in view of their entry into Inter-University fixtures.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the University Dramatic Society for their generosity in performing "The Private Secretary" on the Saturday night for the benefit of the visiting teams.

On the Saturday a combined Universities team played the State team. This match was won by the State team.

The 1928 A team is to be congratulated on their standard of play in these matches. They were defeated only by Sydney, and it is believed by many that the standard both in individual tactics and in combined play has never before been attained by this University.

Last year's University Blues were awarded to Misses Ferguson, Hill, Smart, and Spurgin.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Club has now completed its activities for 1928. In the Queensland Championships, the Club gained three points, J. Harrison winning the half-mile in 2min. 1-3/5secs. A Sports Union Blue has been awarded to Harrison on his year's performances.

THE BOAT CLUB.

The boat club has since the publication of the last issue of "Galmahra," completed its customary activities for the year. The inter-college race was held at the end of the second term, and the lady-coxswains' regatta was held early in third term. Six crews entered for the inter-college race, which was a record for the race. For the first time all the colleges were represented in the race, and as well two extra-collegiate crews were entered. The race was rowed in the Bridge Reach from the Grammar shed to the Dry Dock and with both tide and wind. The wind was fairly strong and hampered the efforts of the starter considerably, as the crews were frequently blown into one another or into the bank. We have to thank Mr. G. N. Smoothey for the patience he displayed on the occasion and for the good start which was finally made. Emmanuel and Extra-collegiate I. jumped out at the start, and at the Bridge both had a good lead from the remainder, while Emmanuel were leading Extra's by about half a length. The race resulted in a duel between these two crews for the remainder of the course. Extra's made desperate efforts to catch the leaders, but Emmanuel succeeded in maintaining their lead till the finishing gun. Extra-collegiate II. were third.

The lady-coxswains' regatta provided some very close races, and excited the usual amount of interest and amusement. The final was won by J. P. McGrath's crew with Miss Barry in the coxswain's seat. The ladies' pairs race was again included in the programme this year, and was won by Misses Spurgin and Smart, with J. Hulbert as cox. The Inter-Faculty race rowed on the same afternoon, was won by Science with Arts and Engineering dead-heating for second. The final race of the afternoon was that between the Graduates and the Undergrads. The undergrads won uncomfortably by half a length.

The annual general meeting will be held in October, and all members are urged to be present.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The Inter-'Varsity Hockey Carnival for the Syme Cup was held this year in Melbourne on August 12th, 15th, and 16th. The Queensland team arrived on Sunday and held a practice on Monday.

On Tuesday amid drizzling rain Queensland played Melbourne. The form of the Melbourne forwards and the fact that the Queenslanders were unaccustomed to the ground, led Melbourne to win 8—0.

Following this match, Sydney, after a scrappy game, defeated Adelaide 2—0.

On Wednesday, Queensland met Sydney and after a hard game were defeated 4—2, mainly due to the fine shooting of the Sydney captain, who scored all four goals. Following this Melbourne, who had lost some of their previous day's dash, defeated Adelaide 7—1.

On Thursday Queensland met Adelaide. Their superior stamina and revival of form gave them an easy win over Adelaide, who were rather tired, by 9 goals to nil.

Following this Melbourne defeated Sydney for the final, 6—1.

At a dinner on Thursday night, the cup was presented to the Melbourne team by Dr. Glen Knight, who presented also a mounted ball to H. Winneke, of Melbourne, who was judged the best player of the series.

The Inter-Faculty competition for the Steele Cup was narrowly won by Engineering, who defeated Science in the final game. At full time the score was 2 all. Extra time was played and Engineering won, 3—2.

Blues this season were awarded to Messrs. C. E. Kerr, M. A. Simmonds, C. L. W. Berglin, R. K. Fardon, and R. G. Dodds.

Vestibularia

The University was unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. A. C. V. Melbourne at the end of second term. Mr. Melbourne left for England to embark on a special study of Constitutions, and their nasty little ways. All that can console his students in their sudden bereavement is the understanding that he is to return eventually.

In Mr. Melbourne's place we welcome Miss M. Hopkins, B.A., who graduated from this University with honours in History in 1925.

Miss McConnell, who is doing anthropological work among the Australian aboriginals in Cape York Peninsula, recently gave the Women Graduates an interesting description of her work.

Mrs. E. H. Strugnell—better known as Hilda McCullough in her student and lecturing days—spent a month in Brisbane early in the year. She has done valiant work as the honorary secretary of the A.F.U.W. for some years.

Marjorie Dawson, a former College tutor, who is having a year's rest after teaching life in Melbourne, spent part of it in looking up graduate friends in Brisbane.

News has reached us that Anne Petersen has been appointed head of the Geelong Church of England Grammar School. Anne returned from a year abroad last January.

Alice Mills, more familiarly known as "Pills," passed through Brisbane a few weeks ago, on her way to China, where she has undertaken missionary work.

Mrs. Hulbert, nee Julia Birkbeck, accompanied by her husband and sturdy son, has been holidaying in Brisbane after three years in the Soudan.

Dorothy Dennis is engaged to Mr. Saunders, of Fiji.

Dora Lockington Lockington is also engaged to Mr. George Golden.

The Wagners, Dr. John and Dr. Doris, have a son.

We take up our pen merely to lay it down. This is our swan song, and we don't really like swan songs. One reason is that we have an inherent distaste for bursting into casual song. The other that it is the official good-bye, the final severance from the official paste pot and scissors and things, the resignation of our gentle editorial despotism. That we have in our time been mildly successful there can be little doubt. We have provoked at least one dissatisfied reader to a critical outburst, at least one newspaper has reviewed us with contemptuous condescension, and we have never met with complete student approval. We little thought when the printing machines emitted our first issue that "Galmahra" was going to prove so interesting; these are infallible signs.

"Galmahra," of course, can have no continuity of editorial policy. Each editor has his own particular ideas of the lines on which he thinks "Galmahra" ought to be conducted, and he is autocrat enough to proceed immediately to put them into practice, so that with the succession of editors at the rate of one per annum, it will not be long before "Galmahra" will have experienced every possible method for conducting University magazines. However, we flatter ourselves that we have introduced nothing startlingly revolutionary. We have scarcely had what could be called an editorial policy. We have merely had two guiding principles, viz., "Galmahra" ought to represent every section of University life, and "Galmahra" ought to exist to give young writers a chance. To the former end there are the club notes. This is not so much our doing as the demand of the Union regulations. We have, however, managed to induce a few of the scientists to write about subjects that interest them; we hope that succeeding editors will induce other members of other faculties to do so. With regard to the latter we have included the work of several persons who have never before had any of their work published, and trust that the encouragement will stimulate them to further effort. The hyper-critical, i.e., the less observant, may feel that the encouragement was undeserved, but we are sure that their efforts were well worthy of the pages of "Galmahra."

With regard to the October issue we are pleased to say that none whom we approached for contributions turned us away with a rebuke studded with the finest gems of third-terminology. We are more pleased to say that several contributors have come forward without personal solicitation.

As the more observant among the undergrads. will observe we have procured a title piece for this section of the magazine. We could have procured others from the same source for the remainder of the permanent sections of "Galmahra." We refrained from so doing in the hope that others amongst the undergrads. would attempt these. The Long Vac. offers a splendid opportunity for such achievement.

We could not, of course, permit this issue to go to press, without one of our justly celebrated growls. We need more personal notes for the Vestibularia column. The secretaries of the Graduates' Associations are a useful but not a permanent source of supply, and it is only the undergraduates themselves who can supply fresh material for each issue.

Finally, we thank all those who have contributed throughout the year and saved us from the disgraceful and disagreeable task of writing "Galmahra" ourselves. We would ask them not to cease writing for the moment, but to start at once on the good work for the first issue of 1929